THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLI
No. 1844

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MAY 25
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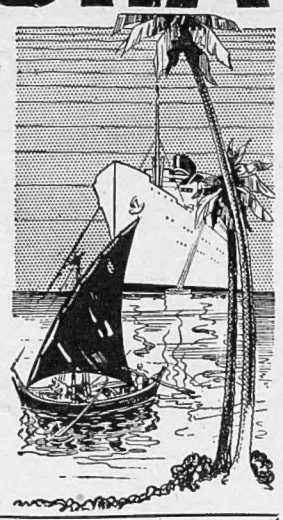

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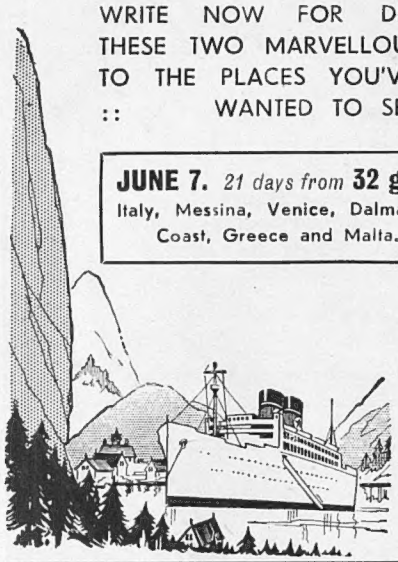

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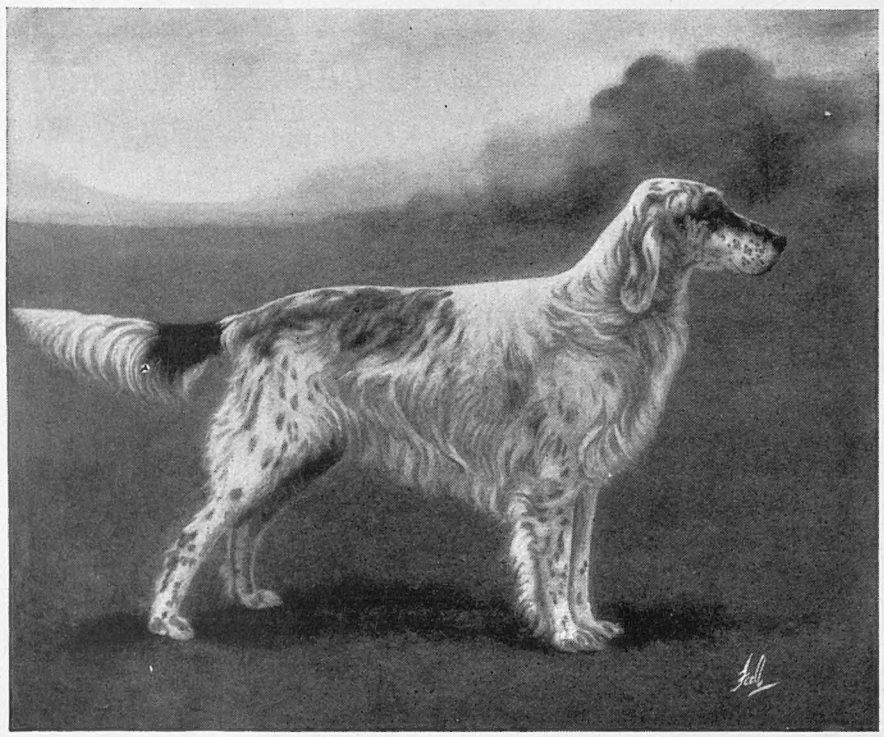

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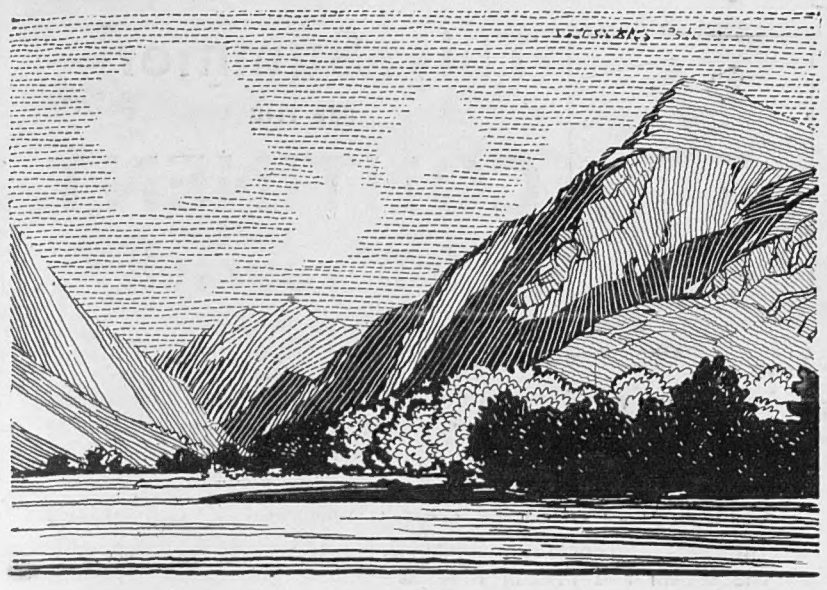

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, May 25, 1935

The King and Queen at Chelsea Flower Show

Touring the Exhibits on Private View Day

Their Majesties have always taken a keen interest in gardening and seldom fail to visit the famous Flower Show in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. This picture was taken on Tuesday—Private View Day—when the King and Queen, accompanied by Colonel Durham (secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society) and Lady Aberconway, were making an extensive tour of the various displays which, fortunately, gave no sign of having suffered from the abnormal weather conditions of the past ten days. This latter fact called forth the praise of both the Royal visitors and, before leaving after a stay of an hour and a quarter, they heartily congratulated Lord Aberconway (president of the Society) on the excellence of the show

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A LONDON

MAY BELIES ITS REPUTATION: Since the springlike weather of Jubilee week there has been an amazing return to winter throughout the whole country, and in Yorkshire and other parts of the north of England there have been heavy falls of snow. This aerial view was taken in the neighbourhood of the Leeds Corporation reservoir at Swinsty and gives an excellent idea of the conditions prevailing a few days ago

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 22, 1935.

LORD TWEEDSMUIR.—

Mr. Buchan has accepted a peerage. The King has conferred on him the dignity of a Baron of the U.K. There was already an Earl of Buchan, and, although peers' titles have been in the past duplicated even in the same grade, and although it is now the fashion among new peers to retain, if possible, their surnames, it was generally understood that Mr. Buchan, if he accepted a peerage, would choose a Border Scottish place-name. Personally, I banked on an association of Tweed with "bank." But Tweedsmuir has the true Border ballad ring. As I said, Mr. Buchan is young yet, had a successful, if short, political career, and will be still young when his term in Canada ends. The "profession" of Governor-General is restricted. Only the Viceroyalty of India can rank above G.G. of Canada. For a peer (one among 700 or more whose future is so obscure and whose percentage of dead-heads is so terribly high), every handicap stands in the way of political advancement. Lord Lloyd must have found that. On the other hand Mr. Buchan may well have decided to rest on his political laurels, and on his return from Canada to fall back on his other and perhaps stronger love—Literature. He is a man of unbounded energy and power of work, and he has shewn these qualities in his output of books. Moreover, he may well have been persuaded that his new office demanded the acceptance of a peerage. Mr. Buchan goes out to Canada in the autumn and is presumably now engaged in arranging his staff. As far as a secretary is concerned, Mr. Buchan is well qualified (none better) to assume one of the secretarial functions and prepare his own speeches. In the intricate questions of ceremonial, procedure, and traditional routine, and the more ephemeral question of personalities and personal contacts, Mr. Buchan will find his path smoothed, for he will, for a time at any rate, retain the services of Lord Bessborough's controller and one or more of his A.D.C.s. Lord Bessborough, at the moment of writing, is convalescent from an attack of influenza, and has had to cancel some of his engagements. Time will undoubtedly prove that his *régime* in Canada did much to foster the intellectual uplift of the Dominion, especially in the great awakening of interest in the drama and dramatic productions.

A SOUTH LONDONER'S TRIBUTE: This is how a little girl demonstrated her loyalty when the King and Queen made the second of their four Silver Jubilee drives last Saturday. The colours of her dress were red, white, and blue

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.—

The career of Mr. T. E. Shaw (formerly Lawrence) has been a strange medley. He laid a firm foundation of knowledge by means of hard work in his youth to be ready to fill his allotted role when his hour struck in the great war. He succeeded in his extraordinary task as no other man could have succeeded, though time alone (and cool judgment) can decide the influence which his partial achievement of a miracle had upon the war. He himself felt that the Arabs whose destinies he guided for the Allied cause had, after all their efforts, been betrayed and forgotten, and that belief undoubtedly was a root cause of his subsequent eccentricities. He seems to have come to the belief that blood-guiltiness invested the name of Lawrence. If he wished genuinely to avoid publicity, he all unwittingly and unwillingly engineered the greatest publicity stunt ever conceived. For the name of Shaw blared out to the sensation-mongers with a volume ten times as big as that of Lawrence. Wherever he hid, the spotlight centred on him. He and Sir James Barrie, Bt., O.M., are distinguished with the label of publicity-haters imprimis among famous men; and surely no two men had a more consistently efficient and faithful Press, or more dazzling advertisement! If Lawrence had been a normal man he might have rested on his laurels. He had won his place as one of the most romantic leaders in the great war (successful in what he had been required to achieve); he had contributed at least one book to the small list of classics, even if here, also, praise has been lavished upon his writings to an extent which time may one day modify a little. There was much more useful work ahead which his genius was well fitted to perform. But he chose to do a job which many ordinary men of limited education could do as well or better. In short, he withdrew from the service of his country before the prime of life and, as regarded his career, committed suicide. Perhaps he was too introspective, perhaps he thought too much.

LAWRENCE—A CONCLUSION.—

This is my conclusion about him: Now in the hour of his death the general public know a good deal more about T. E. Shaw than they learned while he was alive. No man ever had a wider circle of able, critically-minded friends. We know now that many of them admired his character "this side idolatry." Their evidence now given is conclusive as to character. All the vulgar rumours, the belittlements, the hints of egotism or self-advertisement, vanish like a puff of stale smoke. He is revealed for all time as a high-minded idealist, a man freed from much of the dross and self-seeking of ordinary men. His nature or his character made him a stoic, a philosopher, an idealist, almost a saint, a great example, a great inspiration, almost from another world, assuredly from a higher plane. His character leaves nothing for the judgment of posterity. That is estimated and ranked for all time by his contemporaries who knew him. But it is my contention that it is not now, and never can be, in the power of his contemporaries to assess the importance of his incredibly fine contribution to the Allied victory in the great war, nor his place in literature. Those of his friends who were soldiers can testify that no other man could have done what he did among the Arabs, or done it better. They can declare that he was one of the greatest leaders in irregular warfare. But it is for posterity alone to decide the value of the results of his genius, pluck, and initiative in the war. Why? Because we cannot in our time decide on the relative importance of any of the phases and events of that war. We vaguely realize that the whole world struggle was a crime and a madness. And our generation will die out, not one inch nearer to the truth. And so with his place in literature. No generation is qualified (ours, perhaps, less than most) to set *this* contemporary writer in the Valhalla of the Immortals and to keep *that* one out. Posterity—Time alone can do that. We do know that Lawrence has already won his place among the great men in our history on the score of character.

OPERA ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS: Some of the players who Mozart Festival at Mr. John Christie's Opera House at taking tea in the grounds after an afternoon of rehearsing. outstanding success, and were witnessed by musical en. country. The season will start next Monday

THE ACADEMY.—

It became the thing in the 'nineties to jeer at the Summer Exhibition at Burlington House. Even Sargent came in for jibes. And the fashion has gone on ever since. There is no reason for titters, jibes, stings, or flings this year. There are some horrors, of course, and some comics and some uglies. Pictures by Mr. Stanley Spencer must arouse controversy always, just as Epstein's sculpture must. It is best, if one fails to find satisfaction from them, to remain silent. The same applies to (e.g.) a small picture labelled "The (or a) Mother." It is a pity that Sickert and others must split away and that divergent tastes in art arouse such bitter feelings. I think the general approval of this year's show is in part due to the decline in volume of "presentation" portraits of mayors, profiteers, and chairmen of this and that, and of huge family groups. Brock's children always please, John and Sickert always intrigue. Lord David Cecil, by the way, has become almost an artist's model. Lamb has made him sinister and John rugged. But Lamb has captured the Cecil hands. Lord Castlerosse, viewed two rooms away, has all the merit

NEWSLETTER

claimed for it. But it should have been painted in the spacious days of great saloons. Indeed, caricature appears to be the guiding note in portraiture this year, and humour is a welcome newcomer, e.g. "The Mourner." Oliver Hall can have few enemies among "landskip" lovers. I enjoyed my walk round, and so, I observed, did Dean Inge as he swam, smiling secretly, upstream against the traffic.

TRIUMPH OF THE OLD CLASSICS.—Some statistics from the famous publishing house of Collins concerning the ranking in public favour of acknowledged "classics" have afforded me great interest and curious pleasure. In their Pocket Classic Series, which I believe embraces 300 works, they have ranked the first 100 in order of popularity. From the point of time, and *Vanity Fair* eighty-sixth. Boswell's *Johnson* finishes ninety-ninth, and *The Essays of Elia* whip in. Here are my own personal reactions to this very interesting statistical survey. If I had been asked to place the first five I should have given: *Lorna Doone*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Monte Cristo*, Vol. I (oddly enough Vol. II is the more popular), *Treasure Island*, *The Moonstone*. It is amazing to me, this eternal survival of Dickens. I put *Esmond* and *Vanity Fair* miles ahead of any Dickens, and Stevenson at the forefront of adventure tales. I am pleased and amazed to find *The Vicar of Wakefield* in the first seventies, and *Wuthering Heights* in the first dozen; and finally I am delighted that *The Children of the New Forest* still appeals. I take off my hat to the reading public. After all, it is *sound*. It knows what's what. It can distinguish the voice of the prophet amid the cat-calls. I think the full list is well worth putting on record. Here it is:—

1—Lorna Doone; 2—David Copperfield; 3—Pickwick Papers; 4—My Lady of the Chimney Corner; 5—Tale of Two Cities; 6—The Three Musketeers; 7—Oliver Twist; 8—Treasure Island; 9—Nicholas Nickleby; 10—Jane Eyre; 11—The Old Curiosity Shop; 12—Wuthering Heights; 13—The Invisible Man; 14—Under the Greenwood Tree; 15—Alice in Wonderland; 16—The Man in the Iron Mask; 17—Twenty Years After; 18—Lamb's Tales; 19—Great Expectations; 20—Pride and Prejudice; 21—The Count of Monte Cristo, Vol. 2; 22—The Golden Treasury; 23—The Count of Monte Cristo, Vol. 1; 24—Christmas Books; 25—Windsor Castle; 26—Burns' Poems; 27—East Lynne; 28—Ivanhoe; 29—Little Women; 30—Westward Ho!; 31—Black Beauty; 32—Wilde's Plays; 33—Louise de la Vallière; 34—South with Scott; 35—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; 36—Shirley; 37—Old St. Paul's; 38—Tower of London; 39—Kidnapped; 40—Viscomte de Bragelonne; 41—Bleak House; 42—Silas Marner; 43—Barnaby Rudge; 44—The Last Days of Pompeii; 45—Villette; 46—The Mill on the Floss; 47—Little Dorrit; 48—Martin Chuzzlewit; 49—Pepys' Diary; 50—The Road Mender; 51—John Halifax, Gentleman; 52—Kenilworth; 53—Ben Hur; 54—Cranford; 55—The Talisman; 56—Henry Esmond; 57—Pilgrim's Progress; 58—The Greatest Thing in the World; 59—The Imitation of Christ; 60—Kipps; 61—The Virginians; 62—The Black Arrow; 63—Vanity Fair, Vol. 2; 64—Tennyson's Poems; 65—The Forty-five Guardsmen; 66—The Moonstone; 67—Adam Bede; 68—Les Misérables, Vol. 2; 69—The Black Tulip; 70—Child's Garden of Verses; 71—Les Misérables, Vol. 1; 72—Tales of Mystery and Imagination; 73—Rob Roy; 74—Son of Porthos; 75—Emma; 76—The Vicar of Wakefield; 77—The Hunchback of Notre Dame; 78—Innocents Abroad; 79—Gulliver's Travels; 80—Children of the New Forest; 81—Oscar Wilde's Stories; 82—Northanger Abbey; 83—David Harum; 84—The Heart of Midlothian; 85—Guy Mannering; 86—Vanity Fair; 87—Marguérite de Valois; 88—Quentin Durward; 89—Lavengro; 90—It's Never Too Late to Mend; 91—Chicot the Jester; 92—Sense and Sensibility; 93—Story of an African Farm; 94—Tom Brown's Schooldays; 95—The Queen's Necklace; 96—The Cloister and the Hearth; 97—First Men in the Moon; 98—20,000 Leagues Under the Sea; 99—Boswell's Life of Johnson; 100—Essays of Elia.

will take part in the forthcoming Glyndebourne Manor, near Lewes. Last year's productions were an thusiasts from all parts of the with *Die Zauberflöte*

David Copperfield holds the palm, and two years ago, indeed, Dickens held five out of the first eight places. But to-day Blackmore holds the place of supreme honour in the reading public's opinion with *Lorna Doone*. It doesn't surprise me. I can read it again and again, with all its faults of diffusion and clumsy construction; and its pages of blank verse in place of prose. Its humanity, kindliness, bigness, and sympathy with nature triumph over time and faults. By the way, *The Times*' symposium of "verse in prose" missed the longest and most notable example in *Lorna Doone* which begins: "Then the golden harvest came, waving on the broad hillside . . ." *Lorna Doone's* "circulation" is bigger than the first five favourites of Scott combined. Dickens now holds 2nd and 3rd places with *David Copperfield* and *Pickwick*. A dark horse, *My Lady of the Chimney Corner* has lately rushed ahead and takes fourth place. Dickens again comes fifth with *The Tale of Two Cities*. And then follow *The Three Musketeers*, *Oliver Twist*, *Treasure Island*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Jane Eyre*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *and Wuthering Heights*. *Pride and Prejudice* comes twentieth. *East Lynne*, that tremendous seller, has dropped back to twenty-seventh. Thackeray is comparatively low, with *Esmond* fifty-sixth

VICTIM OF ANTI-GERMAN FEELING: Mlle Pitz, a dark-haired girl of twenty-four, with some of the members of the jury who selected her as "Miss France" in a beauty competition held in Paris last Saturday. When it became known that she was born in the Saar there was an immediate outcry from friends and relatives of the unsuccessful contestants, and the gathering finally dispersed after scenes of deplorable disorder. Later Mlle Pitz renounced the title and a seventeen-year-old Parisienne was chosen in her place

THE GOOD DRIVERS' CODE.—No doubt all drivers are studying it. Perhaps that belief is the reason why the police have relaxed their efforts to keep motorists to 30 m.p.h. in controlled areas. Either the belief is without foundation or the code is not so clear and persuasive to others as it seems to me. Anyway, the death roll last week was appalling, and Mr. Belisha must be scratching his head. Of course there are criticisms of the code. A great deal is made (and rightly made) of *Concentration*. The woman who gave the excuse that she made an error because she was planning her husband's dinner is properly pilloried, but Mr. Hore-Belisha is prepared to allow those drivers who insist on the distraction of wireless in their cars to enjoy their recreation, which I personally find a prime enemy of concentration. The best maxim under the heading "*The right use of speed*" is the last: "Never drive at your car's maximum: always keep something in reserve." This golden rule is as true of car-driving as of fighting battles. The kernel of sense and truth in "*Road sense*" is to watch far ahead—not the car ahead of you but at least the car ahead of that. A wise injunction for "*Skidding*" is to keep your front wheels pointing in the direction you want to go. "Steering into the skid" is for experts and will be always a danger with ordinary drivers. Under "*dangerous hours*" the golden grain of wisdom again comes out last—drive in the gutter when roads are slippery, not on the crown. Injunctions not to be a bully, but to be patient and courteous, are counsel of perfection—for bullies!

THE PRINCE OF WALES BEATEN: His Royal Highness walking down the fairway during the first round of the Parliamentary Golf Handicap at the Walton Heath Club. He was conceding two strokes to his opponent, Mr. H. Burrows, an officer of the House of Lords, and was defeated by 3 up and 2 to play

JOHN GULLY AND SPEAKER GULLY.—All my life I had been under the impression that John Gully, prize-fighter, bookmaker, racehorse owner, M.P. for Pontefract, and colliery owner, was ancestor of the family of Gully, Viscounts Selby. On reading Mr. Darwin's *John Gully* I found no light thrown on the point. If it had been the fact, it would have been interesting enough to note in a biography of John Gully, and accordingly the curiosity of several readers was awakened. And on turning to the older editions of *Chambers' Biographical Dictionary*, I found clearly stated: "John Gully's grandson, W. C. Gully, Q.C., Speaker of the House of Commons, etc. . . ." But Burke (under Selby), and D. N. B. clearly state that the Speaker's father, the famous Dr. Gully of Malvern (and of the Bravo case), was the son of Daniel Gully, a coffee planter of Jamaica. Going more carefully into this, I found that it was physically impossible for John Gully to have been father of Dr. Gully, albeit at various times he produced twenty-four children. For Dr. Gully was born at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1808, during which time (and the relevant time before the birth) John Gully was continually in England, training for and fighting his prize battles, having been redeemed from a sponging house in England shortly before by his backers. *Chambers' B.D.* (Ed. 1897) therefore perpetuates a very widespread but clearly false report. Its origin and persistent survival are matters which I should like to investigate.

PITY THE POOR . . .—Beyond all other, my heart has gone out in sympathy these last days to county cricketers and gardeners. Thank Heaven I am not compelled or indeed induced now to play cricket. It is a summer game which looked to God to temper his winds to its flannelled . . . lambs. To face fast bowling in the teeth of an icy north-easter requires a heart of triple bronze and a system of vests and sweaters which renders good cricket impossible. To bat on an ice field and to bowl on a snow field are not my ideas of fun or cricket. But needs must. In pitying the gardeners I spare pity for myself, which is a foolish practice to indulge. But it is hard to go to bed with all one's azaleas a bank of liquid gold and to wake up and find them a nauseous avenue of mushy decay. Ten degrees we had on May 17 and the early potatoes were blackened and all exposed water had a thick crust of ice. I dare not go to the orchard to examine the apple trees. May 6 seems a far-off memory of a dream summer's day in our vanished youth.

THE OLD STAGER

The Duke and Duchess of Kent Visit Scotland: The Earl of Wharncliffe's Son and Heir Christened

MAINLY PERSONAL

A London Memorial Service for Poland's Dictator: Dorothy Hyson Marries Robert Douglas

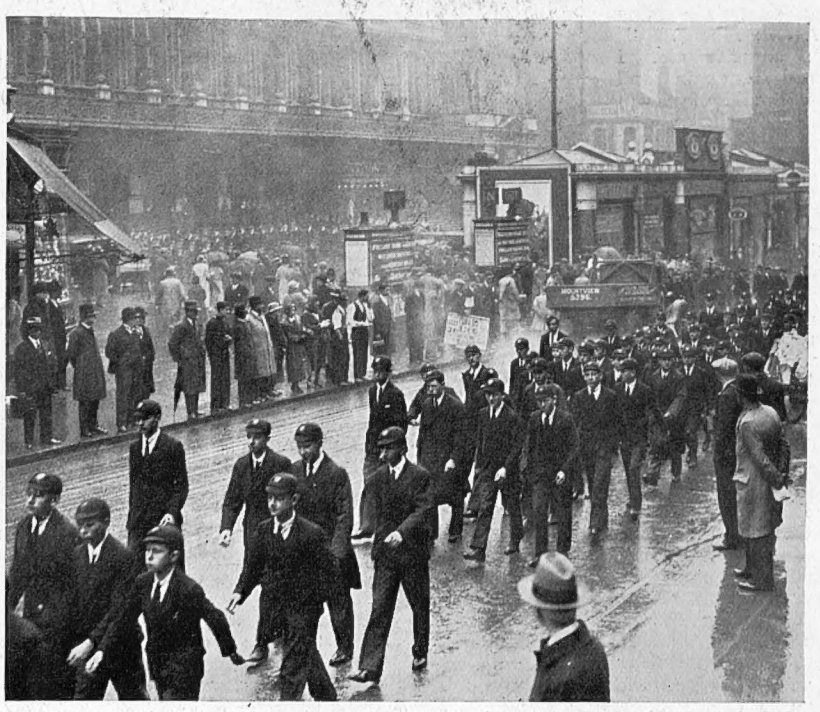
THE ROYAL VISIT TO EDINBURGH: The Duke of Kent, who took up his duties this week as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, seen with the Duchess and with the Lord Provost and Lady Provost on the day following his arrival when he was made a Freeman of the city

A SON AND HEIR FOR A DISTINGUISHED YORKSHIRE FAMILY: The Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe with Viscount Carlton after he had been christened at the picturesque village church of Wortley by the Bishop of Sheffield (*left*). The Countess is the eldest of the four daughters of the seventh Earl Fitzwilliam

THE HEROINE OF "THE THIN MAN" WITH MR. HITCHCOCK: Miss Myrna Loy, who is making a three weeks' stay in this country, photographed with Mr. Alfred Hitchcock, one of England's most successful directors, during a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bolton's cottage in Sussex. Miss Loy is greatly interested in architecture and is hoping to visit Oxford and Edinburgh before returning to America

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK: Miss Dorothy Hyson, the beautiful actress-daughter of Miss Dorothy Dickson, and Mr. Robert Douglas, the actor, inspecting the presents before their marriage which took place last Tuesday at Chelsea Old Church in the presence of a large gathering of theatrical and social celebrities. The reception after the ceremony was held at Mr. Laurence Olivier's house in Cheyne Walk

A LAST TRIBUTE: Members of the Diplomatic Corps and other notabilities waiting for their cars outside St. James's Church, Spanish Place, after attending a memorial service for the late Marshal Pilsudski, the Polish Dictator



PROCESSIONAL: Boys of St. Dunstan's College, Catford, marching along Cannon Street on their way to the Church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East where they attended their annual commemoration service a few days ago

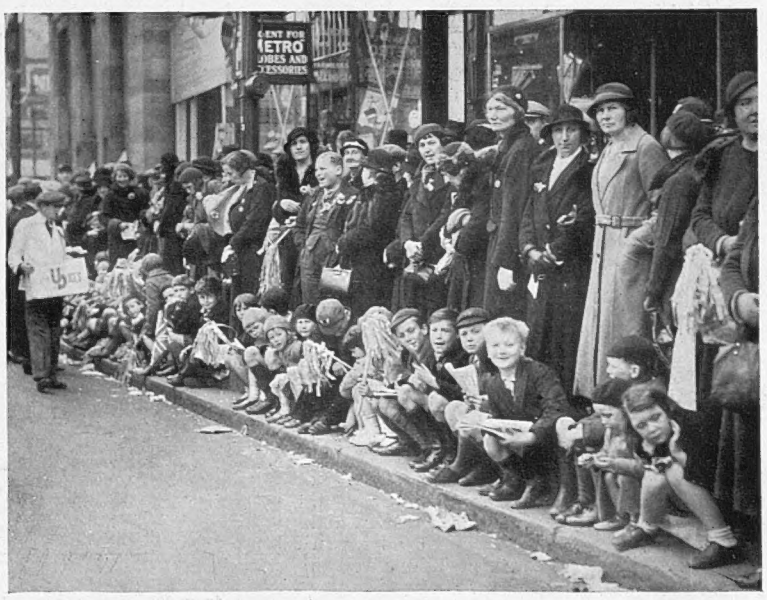
SOUTH LONDON CHEERS THE KING AND QUEEN

The Second Jubilee Drive

THE ROYAL PROGRESS: Their Majesties passing through the cheering crowds in the Walworth Road on the second of their four Silver Jubilee drives through London. In spite of the great cold the King chose to make the journey in an open carriage, a gesture which those who welcomed him deeply appreciated

ON THE OUTWARD JOURNEY: The Royal carriage passing through gaily-decorated St. George's Circus. *Below*—Their Majesties about to enter the open carriage at Blackfriars after driving from the Palace in a car

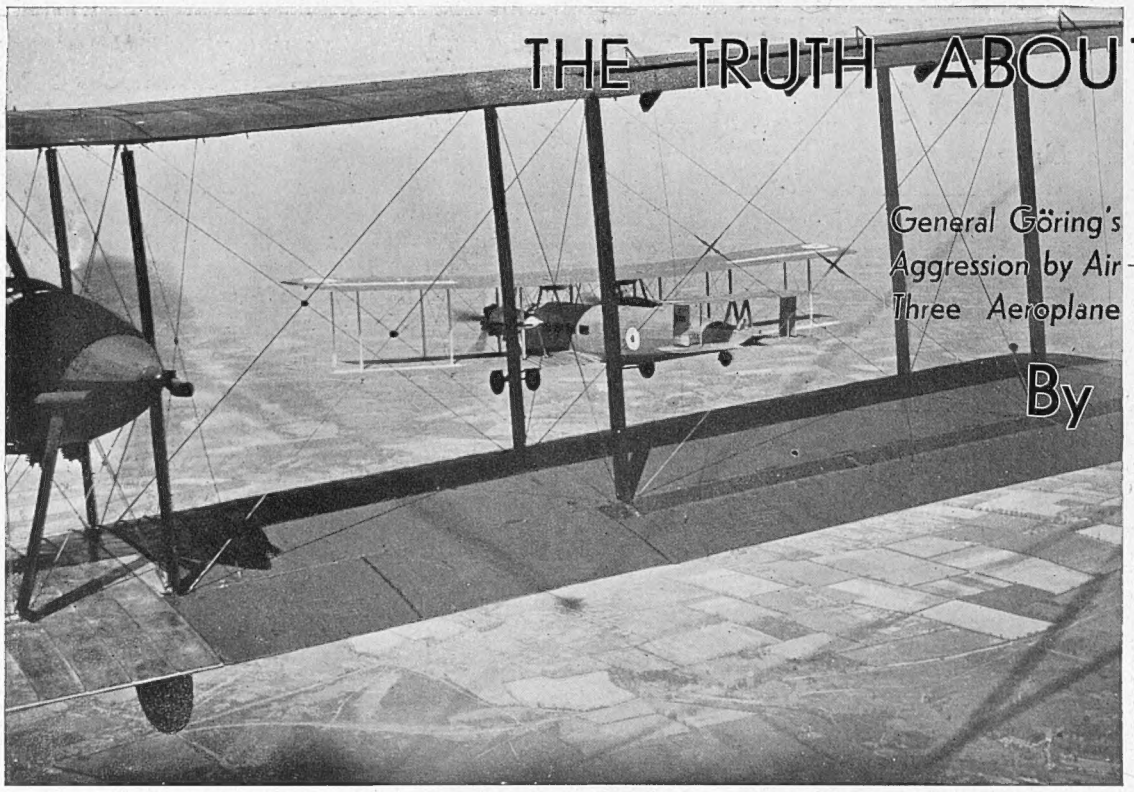
TALKING WITH THE HOME SECRETARY: The King, wearing the uniform of a Field-Marshal, in conversation with Sir John Gilmour who introduced the Mayors of the South London Boroughs to His Majesty when the procession halted at Camberwell Green



AGOG WITH EXCITEMENT: Children waiting to welcome the King and Queen at Camberwell Green

The King Greets Seven Mayors

IN spite of the wintry weather conditions Their Majesties did not disappoint the tens of thousands of Londoners who thronged the processional route of last Saturday's drive to Camberwell Green, for, braving the elements, they made the journey in an open carriage so that all might see them. Needless to say they were accorded a vociferous welcome from districts which, in the words of a contemporary, "are traditionally untouched by suburban self-consciousness." The lavishness of the decorations, which adorned practically every shop and house both in the main thoroughfares and the side streets, lent further proof, if proof were needed, of the loyalty of South London, and in many a working-class home hard-earned savings must have been spent on creating a worthy display. At Camberwell Green, which was reached at about a quarter to four, enthusiasm reached its climax and, in full view of the public, the mayors of Camberwell, Deptford, Greenwich, Lambeth, Lewisham, Southwark, and Woolwich were presented to Their Majesties. After a stay of little more than ten minutes the drive was resumed to the accompaniment of further cheering which moved along with the carriage on its triumphal homeward progress



THE TRUTH ABOUT GERMANY'S AIR FORCE

General Göring's Amazing Preparations to Ward off Aggression by Air—Impressions of a Visit to the Three Aeroplane Construction Centres Near Berlin

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

EMPIRE AIR DAY: A Valencia troop-carrying 'plane viewed through the wings of a Virginia night-bomber—two of the many types of modern military machines which will be seen by the public to-day when the Royal Air Force throws open a number of its aerodromes for inspection

I HAVE had a glimpse of Germany's preparations in the air.

In Berlin the other day, I told General Hermann Göring, with whom I had a two-hours' conversation, that the British people are considerably disturbed over reports that Germany is re-arming on a colossal scale, especially in the air.

"Peace or war in Europe lies in the hands of England and the English people. England need only refrain from encouraging France, and not allow herself to be dragged into the quarrels on the Continent," he retorted.

General Göring, who is General of the Flyers, Commander-in-Chief of Germany's Anti-aircraft Artillery, Prime Minister of Prussia, Reichs Minister of the Air, President of the Reichstag, Head of the Prussian State Secret Police, and Chief Master of the Hunt, claimed to me that Germany now possesses an Air Force large enough to repulse any attack.

"Germany can ward off any aggression by air," he said. "We ourselves are not dreaming of attacking anybody. All we are doing is to be prepared to defend ourselves. That is not only the right, but the duty of every Government."

"I would like to see some of your military aeroplanes." The request seemed to take the General by surprise. For a moment he reflected, then said "Very well, I will let you see some of the things we have done, are doing, and are going to do in the way of making Germany an Air Power on a basis of equality with other countries."

I mentioned that Hitler's statement to Sir John Simon regarding parity had not made clear Germany's intentions.

General Göring kept his word. Captain Hans Wolter of the Air Ministry, attached to the personal staff of General Göring, was assigned by him to escort me. I visited the military aerodrome at Staaken, the great military camp at Doeberitz, and the colossal Air City now being built at Kladow; all three places within a radius of twenty miles of Berlin. It is at Kladow where the future German General Staff of the Air will have its Headquarters, and where rumour places vast underground hangars. I saw perhaps, a hundred aeroplanes, bombers, fighters, pursuiters, and trainers.

We first drove to Staaken. It was formerly the Zeppelin airport for Berlin. The mooring mast of the *Graf Zeppelin* stands on the field. Staaken was also the great aviation centre for the sport-flyers. We were courteously received by Lieut.-Colonel Kastner, Commandant of the aerodrome. He requested Lieutenant von Muehlenheim to accompany us, adding "show Lady Drummond-Hay whatever she wants to see."

I was astonished at the transformation since I had been at Staaken as a private flyer with my own 'plane. New buildings on every side. Aeroplanes everywhere. Hangars full, and many on the field. A beehive of activity, and yet so orderly.

At one side of the field six huge Dornier twin-engined high-winged bombers, big, long, box-like affairs with angular lines. Nothing resembling the sleek, slender fast American Douglas and Boeing bombers which I saw on the Patterson military field at Dayton, Ohio. All the Dornier bombers had powerful radial motors and retractable undercarriages. The motors were covered, but I understand they were American Hornets built in Germany under licence. At right-angles from the bombers stood nearly two squadrons—sixteen to be exact—of beautiful, gleaming, new, all-metal, tri-motored, Junker low-wing monoplanes. Apparently they were the new JU 60 type. Each one with flaps the entire length of the trailing edge of the wing. I gathered the impression from what I heard, that some of the bombers were not up to expectation in speed.

The hangars were thrown open to me. I went into three of them, crowded with aeroplanes. What first attracted my attention was an obviously new American single-seater Curtiss fighter. Even the flying officers with me stood in admiration before the construction and fine detail work. From the crowd of thick-humped, bison-shaped fighters and sturdy advanced training ships, two rocket-like Heinkel 70 Blitz 'planes contrasted in harmonious symmetry. Light trainers touched wings with the familiar plywood Klemm sport monoplanes.

A NOTABLE VISITOR: Mr. Donald Wills Douglas, the builder of the famous "Flying Hotel" type of air liners, who recently arrived in England for a short stay, and on May 30 will deliver the Wilbur Wright Memorial Lecture at the invitation of the Royal Aeronautical Society. Mr. Douglas started designing aircraft as a business venture in 1920 and has met with extraordinary success. He now employs over 3,000 men and is believed to have sold 882 'planes to the U.S. army, 105 to the navy, 50 to the post office, 13 to the coastguards, 90 to foreign countries, and 70 to civil air companies

I was freely permitted to examine construction, engines, and cockpits. All except the lightest training aircraft were equipped with radio. Some had guns mounted. The latest American high-polish dope had been used on practically all the ships, an outward and visible indication of the tremendous care and pride lavished on every detail of air-frame and engine.

I have visited aircraft factories and aerodromes in many parts of the world, Old and New. I have never observed finer maintenance anywhere. Where the fuselage and controls were uncovered for servicing I noticed that every part was maintained to the best advantage, as were all external fittings, cockpits, and instruments. The variety of air-frames was only equalled by the variety of engines. It was clear that many of them were experimental aeroplanes from whose ranks types for the German Air Force are being developed. For some time past Germany has been buying sample foreign engines for experiment, developing and improving their own products with the better materials now available. In the past there has been some difficulty with steel and alloys for crankshafts and cylinder heads.

Each individual engine was an example of meticulous and cherished servicing, whether a small German Argus inverted in-line, or costly high-powered German-built American Hornet. Zeal and efficiency alone could not create the reverberating atmosphere I sensed. The new Air Force is the Spirit of New Germany, powered by the thorough, detail-loving, mechanical-minded aircraftsmen, and winged by the very flower of the nation.

From Staaken to Doeberitz, the military camp, took us fifteen minutes, but it seemed like driving back twenty years. The fine tree-lined road was alive with military activity. A detachment of infantry. Heavy army lorries and light artillery travelling at a smart pace, both camouflaged with early spring colours. Clop-clop of cavalry. Camouflaged supply trucks, officers in open cars. Doeberitz, long a military camp, is now a military town. Barracks, quarters, mess, casino (officers' club), conveniently, and even artistically disposed in the woods, connected by wide flag-stoned roads.

Three large hangars on the aerodrome. Newly-built with central heating and space for one *staffel* (squadron) in each. Workmen were turfing the aerodrome which has a sand surface.

The Commandant was absent. Captain Ottfried Lehmann greeted me warmly. We had last met in Nanking, China, where he was on the German staff of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, and for a time was the Marshal's private pilot.

"What's all this fuss and talk outside Germany about coming war? Why can't we get together with England and America?" This was the key-note of the questions asked me in the officers' club, as numerous flying officers were introduced to me. Fine young men of the best families, proud of their uniforms and rank in Germany's new Air Force. A number of seasoned war-pilots. "Who wants war? We had enough!" was the strain of their comments. They recalled war-days and air-raids, death and destruction. They talked of the kindness and courtesies which German pilots had received at the hands of the British and American when captured, and their own efforts to ameliorate the lot of the British and American flyers who chanced to fall into their hands. We discussed the fine camaraderie and chivalry of the air.

From Doeberitz to Kladow, and here a startling picture was before me. Halls and buildings of colossal proportions broke the horizon. Rugged and sombre in their incompleteness, they might have been a Pharaoh's city in the making, or the stripped skeletons of a mighty Roman glory. This was Kladow, where 4,000 men working day and night in shifts, are constructing what promises to be the largest and most complete Air City in the world. Twelve kilometres, or nearly eight miles in circumference. Hundreds of electric lamps to facilitate night work; 350,000 cubic metres of earth removed to level the flying field. All that General Göring had told me about Kladow had not prepared me for what I saw. The area is roughly divided into three. The Air War Academy for the German General Staff of the Air Force, the Technical School, and the Aerodrome. A large lake to be used for seaplanes, sailing, rowing, and bathing. The Staff Academy is intended to provide a two-years' course of advanced study for Air Force officers who have done several years' active flying service. Every possible branch of aviation, theoretical and practical, will be taught. There will be separate halls for the various technical subjects; a library, laboratory,

(Continued on p. 378)

THE NAVY "AT HOME"

The Public Visit the Warships in the Thames

OUTLINED IN LIGHT AGAINST THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT: The warships *Fame* and *Fortune* (together on left), *Orion*, *Leander*, and *Neptune* illuminated during their visit to the Thames in honour of the Jubilee. They were anchored off Gravesend, while the smaller vessels went even farther up the river and the larger vessels remained at Southend

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWER: The flotilla leader, *Kempenfelt*, at anchor in the Pool of London where she was visited by many hundreds of sightseers on Sunday

MR. AND MRS. EVERYMAN SEE WHAT THEY'VE PAID FOR: A view of the great crowd that thronged the decks of H.M.S. *Nelson*, the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, which appeared to be the most popular of the ships visited by the public last Sunday. The watermen reaped a rich harvest in bringing people to and from the vessel

A POPULAR ATTRACTION: Waiting to go aboard H.M.S. *Kempenfelt* after being ferried from the shore in rowing boats. So great was the crowd on the ship during Sunday afternoon that it was often some time before sightseers could go alongside

NAVAL AND CIVIC CHIEFS MEET: Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, conducting the Lord Mayor (Sir Stephen Killik) round H.M.S. *Nelson* when the latter, who holds the office of Admiral of the Port of London, paid a visit to the ship at Shoeburyness on Saturday

THE GATHERING OF THE MACLEANS

To Celebrate the Hundredth Birthday of Their Chief

HIGHLAND LOYALTY: Pipers welcoming some of the members of the clan when they landed on the Isle of Mull last Saturday to pay homage to their chief, Sir FitzRoy Donald Maclean, on his 100th birthday. They came from all parts of the world

THE PILGRIM'S WAY: The clansmen, led by the clan piper, marching from the shore to historic Duart Castle, where they were received by Captain Charles Maclean, the only surviving son of the chief. Sir FitzRoy was confined to his room, and unable to take a personal part in the celebrations

CUTTING THE CAKE WITH THE HUNDRED CANDLES: Mr. Charles FitzRoy Maclean, grandson of the chief, and heir presumptive, carrying out the principal ceremony

Sir FitzRoy Maclean is one of the most romantic figures in Scotland to-day, and he must be one of the very few survivors of the Crimean campaign. When he was seventeen his commission in the 7th Dragoon Guards was signed by the Duke of Wellington, and before he was twenty-one he had been awarded a medal for conspicuous bravery during the tremendous fighting at the long-drawn-out siege of Sebastopol. Later in his career in the army he was Aide-de-Camp first to Sir George Brown and afterwards to Field-Marshal Lord Seaton.

THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY: The visitors nearing Duart castle, which, until it was recovered and restored by the present chief twenty-three years ago, had been for over two centuries out of the possession of the family

ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS: Captain Charles Maclean standing on the castle steps where he read the following telegram which was sent to his father by the King: "I am delighted to learn you are celebrating your one-hundredth birthday to-day, and I send you heartiest congratulations from the Queen and myself on this memorable occasion. I know that this is a proud day for the clan of which you are the distinguished chief"

Where the Great Jubilee Ball Took Place

THE BEAUTIFUL TIMBER ROOF IN THE GUILDHALL—the Council Hall of the Corporation of the City of London—where the King and Queen attended a ball on May 22 in honour of their Silver Jubilee. The roof itself is comparatively modern, having been designed by Sir Horace Jones in the middle of the last century, but the walls, which were not seriously damaged in the Great Fire, were utilized as far as possible when the building was reconstructed, probably by Sir Christopher Wren

GOG and . . .

On left and right—The two great wooden figures of Gog and Magog, each 14½ ft. high, which were carved by Captain Richard Saunders at the beginning of the eighteenth century and which tower above the gallery in the Great Hall of the Guildhall. Legend has it that they were the sole survivors of a monstrous brood, the offspring of the thirty-three infamous daughters of the Emperor Diocletian, and that they were brought in chains to London and made to do duty as porters at the royal palace which then stood on the site of the Guildhall. At one time wicker-work models of these effigies were carried in the Lord Mayor's Show

MAGOG

A NEW SAINT JOAN

Scenes from the German Film of the Life of the "Maid of Orleans" with Angela Salloker in the Title Role

A VILLAIN OF THE PIECE: The Duke of Burgundy (played by Heinrich George), whose troops captured Joan of Arc at Compiègne in 1430, and sold her to the English who played such a large part in condemning her to death for heresy. A "still" from the new film, *Joan the Maid*, which has been produced at the Ufa studios by Gustav Ucicky and Gerhard Menzel, the poet

THE GIRL WHO SAVED A KINGDOM: Angela Salloker, who plays the part of St. Joan and is said to give an entirely different interpretation of her character from that revealed by Bernard Shaw in his famous play

"CHARLES, THE WELL SERVED": Gustav Gründgens as the hesitant Dauphin who, in the hour of Joan of Arc's tribulation, failed to come to her aid

IN THE COURT AT RHEIMS: Joan being presented with a suit of white armour before she attended the coronation of the Dauphin as Charles VII of France—a ceremony which she had made possible by her own courageous efforts. The costumes devised for the film are particularly notable

Matters Maritime

THE PASSING OF THE QUEEN OF THE ATLANTIC: Auctioning the interior fitments of the *Mauretania*, the famous record-breaking Cunarder, at the eight-day sale held at Southampton before the vessel made her last voyage to the shipbreakers

AFTER A SEVENTEEN DAYS' ATLANTIC CROSSING: The crew washing the deck of the *Yankee*, Mr. G. B. Lambert's cutter, shortly after her arrival at Gosport. She will start her programme of races on June 1 at Harwich, but will first have several trial outings

THE BIG THREE: Mr. John Parkinson (mate), Mr. Frank C. Paine (the designer), and Mr. Alfred Loomis (navigator), seen on arrival at Gosport after they had sailed the American "J" class yacht *Yankee* across the Atlantic. She is to take part in the forthcoming yacht racing season round the British coasts, and the King's *Britannia* has been specially prepared to meet her. The *Yankee*, it will be remembered, was just beaten by *Rainbow* last year in the eliminating contests for the right to defend the America's Cup

GERMANY'S LATEST: The *Scharnhorst*, a turbo-electrically-driven liner, arriving at Southampton on her maiden voyage. She has a displacement of 28,000 tons

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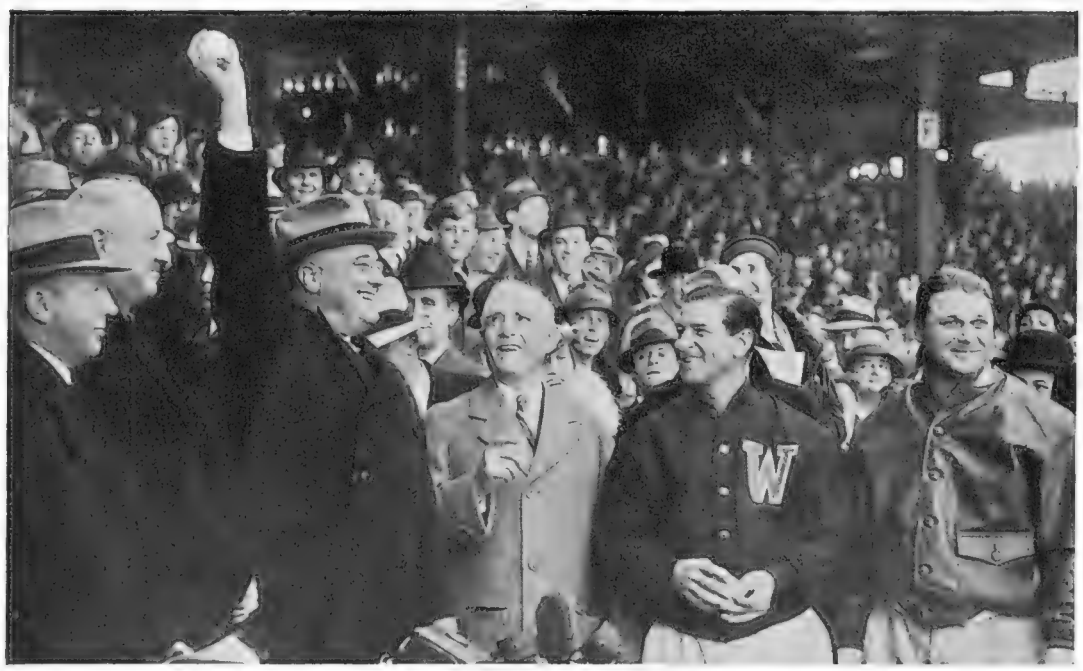

PRESIDENTIAL PITCH: Mr. Roosevelt about to throw out the first ball at the start of the American League baseball season at Griffith Stadium, Washington. Standing on his right is Mr. Farley, the Postmaster-General, who was recently subjected to a violent attack by the irrepressible Senator Huey Long

WOMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE: Mrs. William Magna (*left*), President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, congratulating Mrs. Henry B. Joy on her election as Honorary Vice-President General at the Society's Convention in Washington. Most of the members are descended from participants in the War of Independence

PARSON TURNED POLITICIAN: The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, of Detroit, whose broadcast speeches have created a great diversity of opinion in America and who, in his own words, is determined "to drive out of public life the men who have promised us redress and failed"

PIONEERS: A party of colonists from the Middle West embarking at San Francisco before sailing for Alaska, where they are to be settled in the Mantanuska Valley. The Government is subsidising them

BAITING THE LOUISIANA KINGFISH: Congressman P. L. Gassoway, reading his "fan mail" which has grown to enormous proportions since he attacked Senator Huey Long and his share-the-wealth policy

America's Giant Old-Age Pension Scheme

The Federal Government to Spend Over a Thousand Million Dollars Every Month

THE Social Security Bill has been passed by the U.S. Congress to encourage the development of old-age pension systems by the several States. The Bill authorises the Federal Government to match the pension any State may decide to vote, dollar for dollar, up to 15 dollars a month. Thus, if a State votes a monthly old-age pension of 15 dollars the pensioner will receive 30 dollars, one half of which will be in Federal funds. If a State votes 20 dollars the pensioner will receive 35 dollars. If it votes 35 dollars he will receive 50 dollars. The benefits accrue to those who have passed the age of sixty-five. Since there is no fund available at the present time to pay old-age pensions it is proposed to pay them for the present out of general taxes; but a special tax on pay-rolls has been designed to relieve the burden on the general taxpayer. Until 1940, moreover, any State may bar from old-age pensions anyone who has not passed the age of seventy.

It is estimated that, at the present time, there are 7,500,000 people over sixty-five years of age in the United States, which means that it would cost the Federal Government 1,125,000,000 dollars a month to give each of them 15 dollars in pensions, as compared with 15,000,000,000 dollars a month it would have cost to pension the same people under the Townsend plan, recently rejected by Congress. The payment of the federal pension would, of course, mean the payment of the same pension by the States, which would mean that 2,250,000,000 dollars a month would be spent on old-age pensions, or 27,000,000,000 dollars a year.

It is highly improbable, however, that every State in the Union will vote an old-age pension. Texas, for example, is forbidden by its own laws to provide for such pensions, although there is now some agitation for a change of the laws in this respect, and in general the Southern States have little taste for what is commonly known as "social" legislation. Salaries are lower, working conditions are worse, health provisions are inferior, prisons are more frightful in the South than in any part of the United States; and the typical southerner has less (if any) solicitude for the poor than any other American. He doesn't particularly care about ameliorating any social condition.

What will happen in California, Pennsylvania, and the New England States is problematical. None of these States has ever been conspicuous for its concern for the poor. Which has been the most ruthless in its treatment of poverty is open to question. The textile industries of New England, the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and the agricultural industries of California have been the centres of bloody wars. Pittances have been paid as "wages," company-owned stores, where employees have been required to make their purchases, have robbed the workers of a large part of what little they have been paid, both by charging excessive prices and by falsifying accounts; and company-owned houses, which the employees have been required to occupy, have taken their toll in rent. There is a law in the United States against peonage, but it has seldom been enforced.

The powers that be in California and Pennsylvania, in the five New England States, in the eleven Southern States, and in West Virginia and New Jersey are not likely to smile on old-age pensions . . . unless they feel that it is necessary to disarm the extreme radicals. That is one reason why the total cost of old-age pensions in the United States cannot be estimated.

Another reason is that no old-age pensions will be paid at all, except as each State enacts an old-age pension law, a process which it is estimated will stretch out over the next ten years.

The third reason is that the size of the pension voted in each State cannot be predicted, and there is considerable reason why the size should vary. If an average rancher in western New Mexico were to receive a total pension of 30 dollars a month, for example, he would handle more cash during the course of a year than in any previous year in his life. Many of these ranchers are fortunate if they get their hands on as much as 100 dollars in cash during the course of a year. Fifteen dollars a month in cash would enable the average family of five or six in the New Mexico wilderness to live more comfortably than it has ever lived before.

One reason for this, and it is a reason that has been overlooked in the discussion of the Security Act, is that hard cash will give the rancher, and this is true of the rancher throughout the south-west as well as in New Mexico, a buying power he has never enjoyed. At present he deals on credit with a general store. Then he pays for his purchases in kind. The not uncommon result is that he is charged an excessive price for the store goods and is conceded a niggardly value for his products, so that at present he is robbed at both ends of the transaction. With 15 dollars a month in cash, he could make purchases in the towns, and put the country general store barons out of business, besides greatly improving his own lot.

What is true of the south-west is even more true of the south, the states ranging from Mississippi and the Mississippi River to the east, and as far north as the Ohio River. There are many people in this region to whom 5 dollars would be a fortune. In the eastern cities of the

(*Continued on p.* 382)

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AT ANCHOR IN THE POOL OF LONDON: The flotilla leader, *Kempenfelt*, one of the twenty-two warships which arrived in the river last week on a special Jubilee visit and, as in Navy Week, were opened to the public for inspection during the afternoons

The Home Fleet's Visit to the Thames

in Celebration of the Silver Jubilee

COMING ALONGSIDE: Members of the public about to go aboard one of the warships anchored off Southend. They were brought out from the shore in the pleasure steamer *Royal Eagle*, and their transference from one boat to another was no easy matter on account of the roughness of the water in the estuary. *Right*—An aerial view of the 41,000-ton battle-cruiser *Hood* taken as she was being prepared to receive her visitors

THE GENERAL PURPOSE MACHINE: The new type of Handley-Page monoplane being loaded with bombs preparatory to making a test flight. Note the position of the gunner's cockpit, giving a clear field of fire in three directions

ABREAST OF THE TIMES: A front view of the new Handley-Page "General Purpose" monoplane showing how the wheels are set wide apart and have no axles, the space beneath the fuselage being left clear for carrying projectiles

The Gradual Eclipse of the Biplane

As the Monoplane Comes into Favour with the R.A.F.

The general tendency in this country for the monoplane to supplant the biplane for civilian aeroplanes is spreading slowly but surely to military flying as well. Until comparatively recently the biplane type held the field amongst military machines, its strength and compactness combined with a certain conservatism on the part of designers and the R.A.F. tending to keep it in favour with the Air Ministry.

To-day the monoplane type, having proved itself for commercial work, is coming into favour for military purposes and a number of different monoplanes are being supplied to the Air Ministry. These range from the huge Fairey night-bombers, with which some bombing squadrons are being re-equipped, to small high-speed fighters.

Mid-way between these two types is the new Handley-Page monoplane, with 690-h.p. Pegasus engine, illustrated here. This machine is of the type known as "General Purpose." That is to say it has to perform a variety of duties such as bombing, photography, long distance reconnaissance, and so on. It thus has to be able to carry very heavy loads of bombs and petrol. At the same time it must have high performance, good fighting qualities, and be able to operate from all kinds of aerodromes and not only the fine permanent aerodromes of this country.

Aerodynamically the machine is unique among British military aeroplanes for it includes all the latest ideas for obtaining a wide range of speed. Naturally, being a new military type, performance figures may not be published but the machine is known to have a very high top speed combined with slow landing. These features are obtained by slots all along the forward edge of the wing which open automatically when the speed of the machine drops to a certain point and close again when the machine is accelerated. Along the rear edge of the wings are flaps which, for slow flying and landing, are pulled down hydraulically by the pilot.

To obtain good lateral control at slow speeds devices called "interceptors" are used. These are small surfaces placed at the wing tips behind the automatic slots. They normally lie flat, but are brought into action by any large movement of the aileron control. Then the interceptor on the wing which is rising is raised into a vertical position and spoils the air flow over the wing tip. This reduces the lift of that wing and brings it down.

C. D. Palmer

ANXIOUS MOMENTS

As the Engineers Reach the Vital Stage in the Demolition of Waterloo Bridge

SAFETY FIRST: The removal of the roadway and balustrading of the bridge called for the exercise of no great engineering skill, but the arches have presented a very different problem, partly on account of the danger of a wholesale collapse. This picture, however, shows one of the steel trusses which have been placed in position between the piers in order to take the strain as the keystones are removed, thus allowing the work to proceed gradually and without danger. Suspended from these trusses are a series of vertical bars which penetrate the stonework and hold in position the steel centering beneath the arches.

(*See also pages* 360-361)

THE PASSING OF RENNIE'S MASTERPIECE: Loosening the stones above the seventh arch preparatory to removing the keystones themselves, the most difficult stage in the task of demolition

NEARING THE END

Workmen engaged with pick and crowbar in removing some of the giant blocks of granite over one of the arches

THE WORLD'S LONGEST ESCALATOR

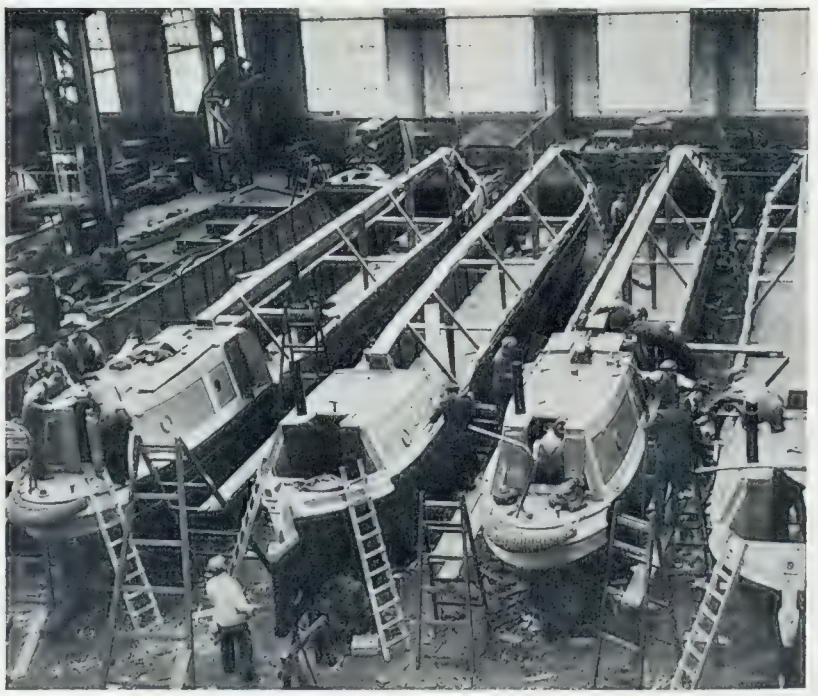
And other Matters of Engineering Interest

A MODERN MECHANICAL MARVEL: A general view of the new escalator which has recently been opened to the public and connects the booking-hall of the reconstructed Leicester Square Underground Station with the Piccadilly Line, conveying passengers 80 ft. below the level of the street in just under one minute. The stairs are lit by thirty-two lamps which throw their rays to the tunnel roof

SAFETY FIRST: The foot of the new Leicester Square escalator, which is specially equipped with rubber "take-offs" to prevent elderly travellers from falling

On right—FROM A WATERY GRAVE TO A SHIPBREAKER'S YARD: The former German warship *Bayern*, which has been raised from Scapa Flow harbour, where, with other ships of the Imperial Fleet, it was sunk in 1919. This picture was taken at Rosyth, whither the vessel had been towed in an inverted position preparatory to being broken up for scrap

A WELCOME SIGHT: Sir Kingsley Wood, the Postmaster-General, announced recently that the telephone would shortly penetrate to every rural area in the country, and in this picture can be seen some of the lengths of piping which are now being laid beneath the main roads to carry the increased number of cables



DEVELOPMENT ON ENGLAND'S INLAND WATERWAYS: Part of the fleet of forty eight Diesel-engined barges which have been ordered by the Grand Union Canal Company and are being built at a cost of about £50,000 in Messrs. Harland and Wolff's North Woolwich yards. When these craft come into service they will revolutionize canal transport by providing greatly accelerated goods services

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THE LAST PHASE

"The Demolition of Waterloo Bridge"—A Striking Picture by Charles Cundall at this Year's Royal Academy Exhibition

Thousands of Londoners are regretting the passing of Waterloo Bridge, that stately architectural masterpiece the fate of which has at long last been definitely decided and which is to be superseded by a structure in the modern manner. The present phase of the work of demolition is now progressing with care, and in this excellent painting Charles Cundall shows how the carriageway and balustrading have been removed, and steel trusses have been placed between each pier. Holes have been bored vertically into the arches, and through these have been passed suspension bars to attach the trusses to specially constructed centering beneath the arches. The proper balance being maintained, the keystones can then be dislodged without danger of a wholesale collapse, and with the minimum of interference to traffic on the river. The artist, who took up his position on the south side of the bridge, also shows the massive outlines of Brettenham House (*left*) and Bush House (*right*), blocks of offices that dominate the surrounding buildings to a remarkable degree

NATURE'S GIFT TO NIPPON: Bundles of bamboo of varying sizes stored in the yard of a Kobe dealer

DIGGING BAMBOO SHOOTS IN A JAPANESE PLANTATION: When young and tender they are eaten in the same way as asparagus, while they also form the basis of that delectable dish Chop Suey

BAMBOO

Japan's Universal Provider—A Plant that Serves an Amazing Variety of Domestic and Economical Purposes

JAPANESE life without bamboo would be hard to picture, for the people put this hardy plant to an amazing number of uses and it has been justly termed one of Nature's most valuable gifts to man.

In Japan the bamboo forms almost the sole material of which the houses of the poor are built; complete sections of the stem form posts or columns; split up it serves for floors and rafters; and, interwoven in lattice-work, it is extensively employed for the walls of rooms.

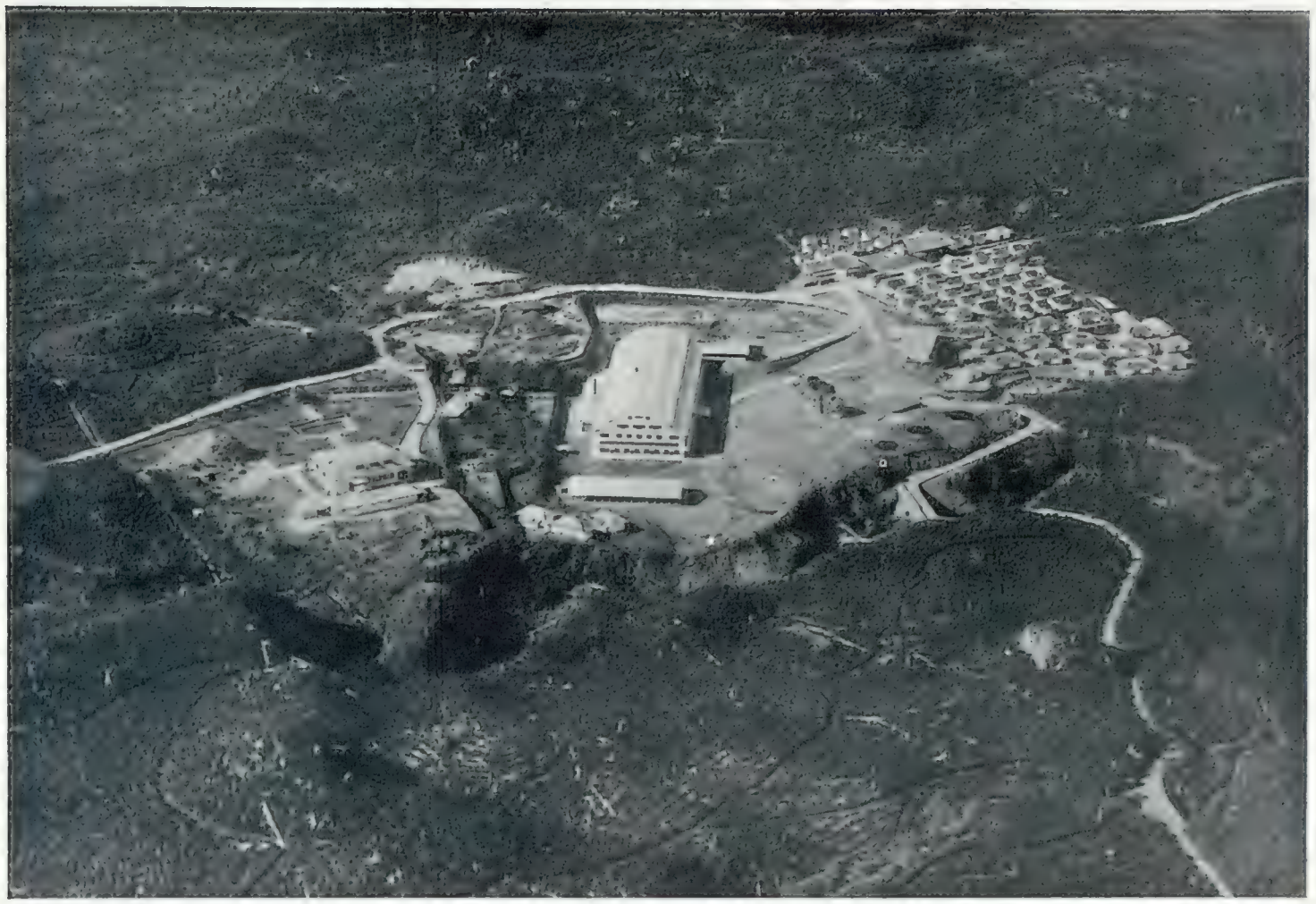
The plant is also used in the construction of bridges, in the manufacture of ladders, of masts for boats, of fences, and of agricultural implements, while the species of more slender growth can be made into pipe stems, umbrella ribs, penholders, domestic utensils, and numerous other articles.

But the list does not end there. The outer cuticle, for instance, provides, when cut into strips, excellent material for basket and furniture making. Furthermore, interior portions of the stem can be beaten into a pulp and used for the manufacture of high-grade paper, while last, but not least, bamboo has outstanding food value. The soft and succulent shoots, when just beginning to spring, are cut off and served up at the table like asparagus, and the seeds are said to be an excellent substitute for rice. Indeed, there is an old proverb to the effect that the bamboo, as divine compensation, produces most abundantly when the rice crop fails.

With careful cultivation the plant can even be made to flourish in the British Isles, and one variety at Kew Gardens has actually reached 18 ft. in height.

□

In the Tea Gardens of the Orient



A PLANTATION IN SOUTHERN INDIA: Hundreds of acres under cultivation in a part of the country where the warm and moist climate particularly favours the growth of the plant. In the centre of the picture is the factory to which the leaves are brought after plucking and where they are spread out to wither. They later undergo a series of complicated processes, including rolling and firing, before they are ready for marketing

HARVESTING: Girls picking tea leaves on a Japanese estate—a picture that gives an excellent idea of the way in which the plant grows. After two years the bushes should be 4 ft. to 6 ft. high, and they are then cut down to about 8 ins. and allowed to spring up again to about 2 or 3 ft. The object of this cutting down is to cause the bushes to spread out and give an increased yield when, at seven to ten years old, they come into full bearing. The annual production per acre varies in different countries from as low as 300 lb. to as much as 1,200 lb.

THRESHING-TIME ON THE FARM: One of the many ways in which the boys are usefully employed during their period of detention. Not a few of them get work as agricultural labourers when they leave

THE BORSTAL

How the Youth who is Potentially a Hardened Criminal is Taught to be a Good Citizen

By CHARLES GRAVES

HAVING seen the 150 boys collected at Wormwood Scrubs for distribution to the five Borstal Institutions through the country, I was not prepared for the altered demeanour of the same lads a few days later on their arrival at Borstal itself. The hang-dog, sullen expression of those at Wormwood Scrubs was in marked contrast. I should perhaps point out that the original Borstal was a convict prison at the village of Borstal two or three miles out of Rochester. When five other similar institutions were started at Portland, Feltham, Nottingham, Lowdham Grange and Camp Hill in the Isle of Wight, they were all given the generic name of Borstal. That is one of the only two complaints I have to make about the institution. The words Borstal boy have acquired a peculiar connotation which it must be very difficult for the youths leaving these institutions to live down when they get out into the world again. It is a music-hall joke. It is a symbol of unmoral, violent behaviour. It seems a pity that the words cannot be suppressed and the lads be dubbed Rochester boys, Feltham boys, Lowdham Grange boys, or Portland boys.

My other complaint is that when the boys are told by the court that they are to go for a period of not less than two years and not more than three years to a Borstal institution, it is wrong that they should be "sentenced." That at once puts them in a criminal category. It is quite true that they have frequently committed crimes which would have earned them a penal sentence if they had been over the age of twenty-one. It is also possible that the use of the word "sentence" will act as a dash of cold water and make them realize the seriousness of their crimes.

But come with me to Borstal. We drive out in ten minutes from Rochester, and turn right off a main road through a wood of chestnuts and larches. It is all very pretty scenery, with the Medway on one side and the hills surrounding Maidstone on the other. As we approach the buildings we see numbers of boys walking about in shorts, boots, stockings, shirts, and maybe jackets. We notice that the stockings have got different tops to them. The shorts are either brown or blue, the shirts are grey; the jackets are also either brown or blue. The buildings look much like those of your public school, just as the coloured tops to the boys' stockings remind you of your schooldays. The coloured tops differentiate the boys of the various houses. For Borstal, with its 360 boys, is divided up into five houses with house-masters. The real distinction, however, is the brown and blue of the shorts and jackets. The browns are worn by the boys who have been there less than a year. The blues are worn by those who have been at least a year, and by their good behaviour have earned various privileges—much on the same lines as "notions" at Winchester, or "post te's" at Charterhouse.

The boys are doing all kinds of useful things, as you can see. One party is building a wall to surround the new swimming pool. Several are gardening. Over on the far side they are grooming the horses, milking the cows, feeding the pigs, and running the farm. Others you will find peeling potatoes in the kitchen, making cupboards in the workshops, and in other ways doing constructive work with their hands. They all look exceedingly sturdy, and obviously need, therefore, a great deal of exercise and hard work to prevent their becoming too ebullient. Thus they get up at 5.45 a.m., drill for half-an-hour, have breakfast at 6.50 a.m., with prayers an hour later. They then work for four hours with lunch at midday. Another four hours of work follow, with tea at 5 p.m. followed by private study, reading, hobby classes, and school from 6 to 7.45 p.m.

The diet is as varied and as un-institutional-like as possible. Breakfast consists of porridge, followed by bacon, brawn, sausages, or preserved beef. Green vegetables are given for dinner three times a week, and there are always potatoes and some meat dish such as roast beef or mutton, cold beef and pickles, salt beef and dumplings, varied by sea-pie, meat-pie, or Irish stew at intervals. The staple tea diet is bread and butter, with an occasional issue of jam, cake, or currant loaf.

As the lads are all growing youths, there is no limit to the quantity of bread they may have.

Potatoes and other vegetables, and milk, are supplied from Borstal's own farm, and all the bread is baked in the institution kitchen. All the cleaning is done by the new boys, who arrive by charabanc once a month, about twelve at a time. In addition there are five labouring parties and nine trade parties. Games include both codes of football, cricket, swimming, boxing, athletics, gymnasium, and indoor games. There are no individual prizes, but there are shields and cups to be won in the inter-house leagues. The staff includes a governor, five house-masters, four assistant house-masters, four matrons, one chief officer, five principal officers, and fifty-five ordinary officers, as well as instructors, farmhands, and stokers.

LEARNING A TRADE: Repairing boots and shoes, another way in which the boys are prepared for the time when they will be released and will have to find employment

There is, of course, this distinction between public school and Borstal, that there are no holidays. At the same time a new scheme has come into existence whereby selected boys are given five days' leave to go home at Christmas or Easter. Evidently the desirability of their home life has to be taken into account before the boys are given this privilege.

What makes this article particularly topical is that the very day I was at Borstal the Governor was calling a meeting of the staff to explain to them the new system of payment for the boys, which is to be brought into effect. This varies from 3d. a day for third-class labourers to as much as 10d. a day for first-class skilled tradesmen. It is obviously important that boys should learn a trade against the time when they are released. Unfortunately they are a feckless lot, and are much more inclined to choose a job when they arrive which they think will be easier or more congenial, rather than one which would bring them a better livelihood later on. Meantime, it pays them to work, not only to ensure a remission of sentence (the average length of time a boy spends at Borstal is twenty-nine-and-a-half months instead of the thirty-six to which he is sentenced), but also because they are in fact allowed to smoke at certain times of the day, and they have to earn their cigarette money. That is a distinct advantage that they have over public-school boys. Which brings me to the system of dividing the houses at Borstal into groups under senior boys called group leaders. This is much the same as the monitorial or prefect system at a public school, except for the fact that the group leaders are not allowed to cane the others.

One of the problems with which the Governor and the house-masters are faced is how much work and exercise to give the boys. Their physique on the one hand demands a great deal. But if, on the other, they are given too complete a time table, it will mean that when they leave, time will hang too

ON A COLD AND FROSTY MORNING: A work at snow-clearing. It will be noted

MAKING THEMSELVES USEFUL: *Left*—Cleaning ating the exterior of one of

BOY

THE BORSTAL GYM. TEAM GIVING A DISPLAY OF ITS PROWESS: The boys can do with any amount of exercise for, after being at the institution only a short while, they develop outstandingly in physique

heavily on their hands unless they are able to walk straight into a job.

But do not let me dodge the issue any longer. To what extent is it true that a very high percentage of hardened criminals have been Borstal boys? And to what extent is it true that boys who were not fundamentally bad at the time of their entry to a Borstal Institution were influenced by the others? The answer is that at the court where they were sentenced they were variously described as "hopeless," "incorrigible," and "quite untrustworthy." You know the sort of thing. "We have tried everything and it is no good. He is quite the worst boy in the town."

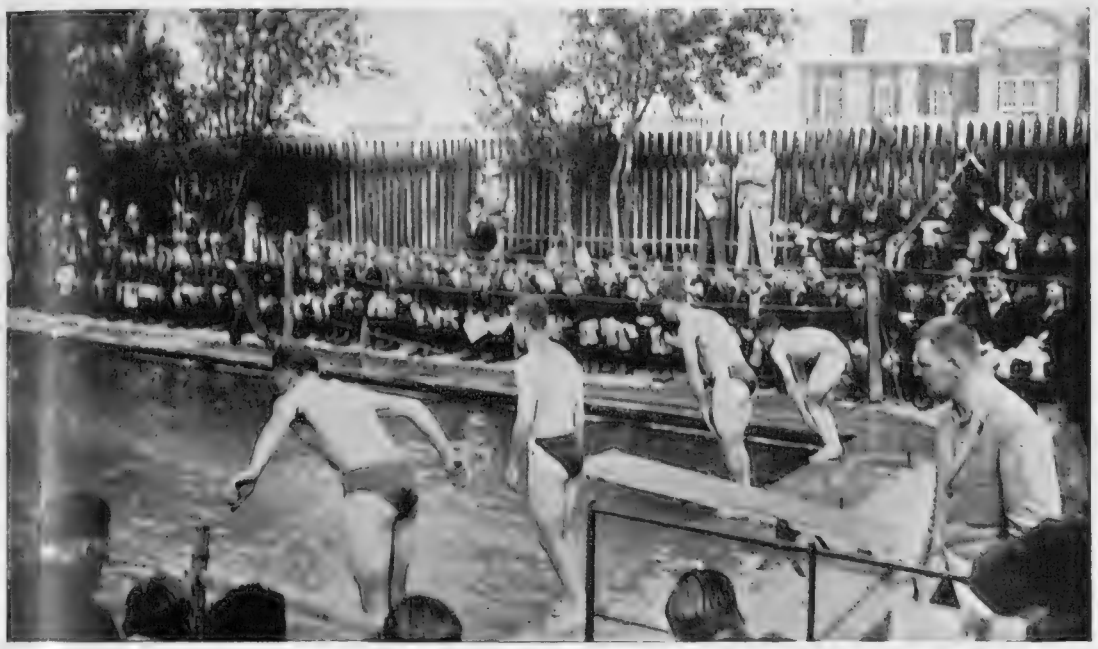
Of the 9,000 lads who passed through the Borstal training in the first twenty years, 35 per cent. have again come into conflict with the law. Quite a percentage of this 35 per cent. who were re-convicted subsequently found their second wind and settled down to an unbroken life of honesty. The probability is that three out of every four are reclaimed and continue to live as honest citizens. When it is remembered that the majority of them had committed a number of offences before they went to a Borstal Institution, and were regarded by those who knew their past as being in a fair way to becoming permanent and professional criminals, it will be seen how real a turn over has been effected. One can sympathise with the advocates of Borstal when they remind you that the world knows nothing of these many successes. Such lads pass into the merciful obscurity of the average honest citizen. Those who fail, however, are a poor advertisement at whatever court they may happen to reappear for reconviction. I think it is fair, though, to judge the system by its silent successes rather than by its noisy failures.

The day I visited Borstal there were only three who were in official displeasure. Laziness at work, absconding, and insubordination to a labouring party officer were their various misdemeanours. The punishment is quite simple. If a boy is a blue, his house privileges are taken away, including his right to a cigarette. If he is a brown, his games, entertainment, and other recreational amenities revoked. If the matter is really serious he is brought before the Governor and isolated in a separate building.

The boys' quarters vary between the old buildings, which were once a convict prison and thus compel them to sleep in what are really cells (but are known as bedrooms), and the newer buildings where they sleep in dormitories, a dozen or more at a time. Those in the dormitories prefer this communal existence. Those in the cells stoutly claim to prefer privacy. I would, myself. Their belongings vary considerably. One house-captain had twenty-five photographs in silver frames, and little else. Another had three books on stamps as well as his own stamp album, and a Bible.

When discharged a Borstal boy is on licence to the Borstal Association for the unexpired term of his sentence and a further year in addition. During that period, which is normally two years, he must keep in close touch with the officer of the Association to whom he is attached; changing neither work nor lodging without his consent. A representative sees him about once a month, and should there be definite signs of a relapse, he is spoken to severely. If he is unrepentant his licence is revoked by the Prison Commissioners and he is brought back to a special block at Wandsworth. After a maximum detention period of twelve months he is again handed over to the Association before being released. The training at Wandsworth is strenuous, and serves to remind the lad that the process of reform is not altogether comfortable, and that reformers have power behind their patience. But, I repeat, this only happens in one case out of four.

And now let Lord Baden Powell's ears tingle. An ex-Boy Scout at Borstal is a rarity of rarities.



HEALTHY COMPETITION: About to dive off at the start of a race during the aquatic sports which are held in the open-air swimming pool every summer

party, armed with shovels, starting out for a day's that they are all wearing shorts

the clock face on the chapel tower. *Right*—Decor- the houses in the grounds

On right—

KEY TO CHARACTER: A copy of a housemaster's report in which he gives his views regarding one of the boys and details the progress he has made during his time at Borstal

Housemaster's Opinion:

General conduct: Very good.

Energy: Plenty.

Trustworthiness: Has proved himself reliable here.

Initiative: Not very much, but a sound lad.

Any special defects of character: Somewhat conceited.

Progress made (*a*) in work: Excellent.

(*b*) in education: Only average.

(*c*) in character, social attitude, &c.: Has done all in his power to make his training useful.

Certificates gained: Cooking.

Hobbies or clubs: Games. Billiards.

Capacity in games: Good.

Relations with family, or girl, as shewn in correspondence: Writes home often & seems really fond of his parents.

What he wants to do on discharge, and where: Return home for hotel work.

What he ought to do: As above. He has made good progress in our Kitchen.

Any promise of work or of a home: There is a good home for him with his parents but I have heard of no promise of work.

Suggestions to B.A. and general remarks: As a worker this lad has been excellent, but he found it somewhat difficult to settle down to a routine life. He has been friendly & co-operative & I believe will make a success of his future.

Date Name of Housemaster

AS GAINSBOROUGH SAW HER: A portrait of Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland in her own right. In 1785 she married Lord Gower, eldest son of the 1st Marquess of Stafford, who was later made 1st Duke of Sutherland

THE 1ST DUKE OF SUTHERLAND who, without any previous diplomatic experience, went as British Ambassador to Paris during the time of the French Revolution—a post of extreme difficulty, in which he acquitted himself well. He was a great benefactor to his tenantry

MAECENAS IN PURSUIT OF THE FINE ARTS: A caricature by Gillray of the 1st Duke of Sutherland, who was knnow as a discriminating collector. He presented to the National Gallery the celebrated "Doria Rubens"

THE GHOSTS OF OLD ROMANCE

Walk in the Halls of Stafford House—Once the Residence of the Dukes of Sutherland, and Now the London Museum

By FRANK HIRD

ONE day in 1859, when the French were fighting the Austrians in Lombardy, and winning victories which ultimately brought into being the kingdom of United Italy as we know it to-day, a group of workmen in their Sunday clothes was gathered round a table in the magnificent hall of Stafford House, now the London Museum. The men were silk-weavers from Spitalfields and they had come to seek the help of the mistress of the great house, Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, then socially the most influential woman in England.

On the table lay a roll of handwoven silk, dyed a new colour which the weavers called Magenta, after the recent Franco-Austrian battle of that name. Times had been growing steadily worse in Spitalfields since the power-looms, having displaced hand-looms all over the country in the weaving of cotton and wool, were now weaving silk. The weavers, therefore, had come to beg the Duchess of Sutherland's acceptance of the roll of new-coloured silk with the knowledge that if she would have a dress made of the material it would immediately become fashionable, and so benefit their failing trade.

The Duchess, who was the first great lady to lend her London house for charity meetings, willingly complied. The dress was made. She wore it at Court—she was Mistress of the Robes—at her own and other people's parties, with the result that in a few weeks the Spitalfields looms were working night and day to meet heavy orders from all over the country. The Duchess had made magenta-coloured silk the fashionable garb amongst women, from Queen Victoria downwards. A small piece of this silk, cut from the roll and kept in an envelope by the Duchess, may be seen at the London Museum to-day, thick in texture, crude in colour to our modern taste, but an interesting personal link between the woman who, exactly a hundred years ago, was superintending the decoration of "the last of the great houses decorated with all the magnificence of the days of Louis XIV's reign"—which now stands as an epitome of the history of London.

An added interest to this piece of silk is an old handloom, recently presented to the Museum, perhaps the actual one upon which the Duchess's roll was woven, if not its exact counterpart.

Stafford House was originally designed for a royal residence. Beaconsfield in *Lothair*, dubbing it "Crecy House," wrote. "An heir-apparent to the throne (Frederick, Duke of York, brother of George IV), in the earlier years of the present century had resolved to be lodged as became a prince, and had raised, among gardens which he had deviated from one of the royal parks, an edifice not unworthy of Vicenza in its best days, though on a far more extensive style than any pile that city boasts. Before the palace was finished the prince died, and irretrievably in debt." The purchaser was the second Marquess of Stafford, who as Earl Gower, had married in 1785 Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland in her own right, the holder of a title which dated back to early in the 13th century. He himself was the descendant of a family equally ancient, the Gowers of Stittenham, who had been of importance in Yorkshire in the time of Edward I, but who had only received their first title—a baronetcy—from James I.

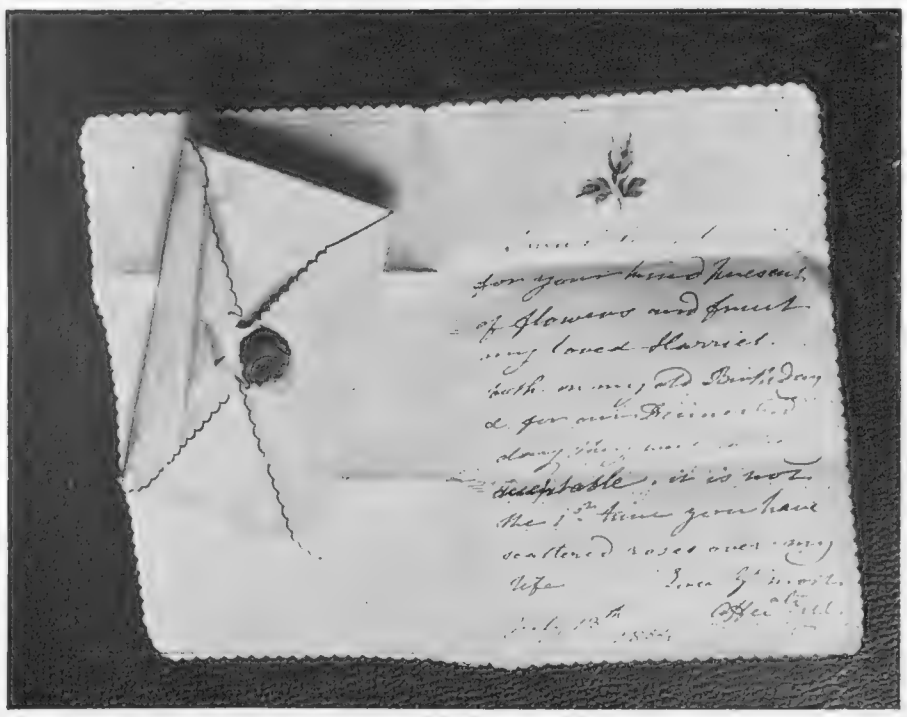
By his marriage to the daughter of the wealthy Sir John Leveson in the time of Charles I, the second baronet added the name of Leveson to Gower, and Lillieshall in Shropshire to his Yorkshire property, and so began the family custom of "absorbing heiresses," as Lord Beaconsfield puts it. The marriages of his successors to heiresses brought many estates and houses, and as their wealth increased honours began to descend on them. Anne bestowed the barony of Gower; George II, the viscounty of Trentham and the earldom of Gower; George III, the marquessate of Stafford. But Earl Gower, eldest son of the first Marquess, outshone all his predecessors in the brilliance of his marriage, for the young Countess of Sutherland was the richest heiress in England, owning the whole county of Sutherland and Dunrobin Castle.

Her father, the seventeenth earl, and her mother had both died at Bath of "a putrid fever," when she was an infant, and she was brought up by her maternal grandmother, Lady Alva. In the five-and-a-half centuries of the family's existence no Earl of Sutherland had died without a male heir. The little girl's succession, therefore, was held to prove an ancient prophecy concerning the house:

> "When after John comes George, and after him comes John, and after William comes William, after *him* comes none,"

because this had been the sequence in the names of the last five Earls. Her succession was disputed by several claimants but the House of Lords decided in her favour, a decision which "gave rise to popular demonstrations of joy, not only in the Highlands, but in many parts of Scotland." She married at twenty, and five years later accompanied her husband to Paris, where he had been appointed British Ambassador to Louis XVI.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, SECOND DUKE OF SUTHERLAND who, in 1823, married his cousin, Lady Harriet Howard, a daughter of the sixth Earl of Carlisle. He remained unmarried until the age of thirty-seven owing to a romantic attachment for Louise, the unfortunate Queen of Prussia



BEFORE THE DAYS OF THE TELEPHONE: A letter, written on a delicate piece of lace-edged notepaper and sent by Lady Carlisle to her daughter, the second Duchess of Sutherland. It is dated July 13, 1854, and reads as follows: "I must thank you for your kind present of flowers and fruit, my loved Harriet, both on my old Birthday and for our Dinner to-day they were particularly acceptable. It is not the 1st time you have scattered roses over my life." Note the miniature envelope on the left

Lady Sutherland, as she was styled, her husband's title being one of courtesy, was a woman of character, an example of which is that at fourteen she raised a regiment in her own county called the "Sutherland Fencibles," "for the defence of Britain," a regiment now known as the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Her letters prove that she was likewise shrewd and observant, with a sense of humour. Her husband was thirty-two, she was twenty-five, when they arrived in Paris in July, 1789, where Lord Gower was to succeed the Duke of Dorset as Ambassador. Writing to the Marchioness of Stafford (her father-in-law's third wife), two days before the taking of the Bastille, she describes how she saw the first shedding of blood in the Revolution. She had gone to the Duke of Dorset's house.

"I was told to go home as fast as I could; in turning I saw the troops fire upon the mob, after which the dragoons galloped into the Tuilleries and frightened and hurt some people. Lord Gower went into the town and saw an amazing scene of confusion, all the common people had got swords; Mr. Hare happened to be with him, and in trying to return they were stopped by the points of some swords and told they must fight for the States, but

being thin they contrived to *slip through* and get home for their arms and ammunitions. The mob continued very riotous at night, and the dragoons fired and killed a good many . . . every creature in Paris is armed with either guns, pistols, swords, or pokers, and they are all running about making a noise *qui fait mal au cœur*, puffing off gunpowder, and scraping rusty stones upon the corner of the street. I had the courage to go to the Duke of Dorset's yesterday; he had just had a mob at his house . . . I was stopped several times and made to declare myself *bonne françoise* of the *tiers état*."

A month later she writes:

"Perhaps it will appear foolish to tell you after the proceedings of so respectable a body as the National Assembly that yesterday was the Fête de St. Louis, and a gala at Court literally from morning to night . . . there was a *dîner en publique*, then a *jeu chez la Reine*, and then a grand *couvert*, where all the Royal Family supped together—considering the Heat and Crowd it was not disagreeable; the Queen was drest magnificently and looked very handsome; she has the talent of looking as if she saw all things at once."

In July, 1790, Lady Sutherland was formally presented at Versailles as British Ambassadress, and gained this impression of Marie Antoinette:

"I was presented last Sunday: it is a very formidable ceremony, performed *en plein cour*, rather worse than dancing at St. James's, in the most uncomfortable dress that can be imagined. I was very much charmed with the Queen; *c'est en verité une femme superbe*, and her manner has so much grace and is so pleasing at the same time *qu'elle est tout-à-fait séduisante*."

From a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence

From a Watercolour by Chalon

A GREAT VICTORIAN: Two portraits of Harriet, Second Duchess of Sutherland who made Stafford House an important centre of society and the starting point of various philanthropic undertakings. In 1837 she became Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria, a post which she held for many years, and was the Queen's sole companion during the first weeks of her widowhood after the death of the Prince Consort. The Duchess had eleven children, and three of her daughters married Dukes—Argyll, Leinster, and Westminster

If, in spite of the mutterings of revolutionary storm which was about to break upon the French throne, there were galas at Court, and the Queen still had her gambling, the attitude of Paris towards the nobility was so threatening that Lady Sutherland writes that she and her friends went "almost every night to the play dressed as Soubrettes," and then went home and made a "toilette for supper, or go in parties to the Duchess of Devonshire at Passy. But," she adds, "there are sometimes diplomatic dinners which put one upon one's haunches."

In August, 1792, the British Ambassador, his wife, and their six-year-old son, Lord Strathnaver, were given their passports by the French Republic. Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and their two children were prisoners in the Temple, and in such a plight for lack of clothes that Lady Sutherland, braving the anger of the *sans-culotte* Government, sent some of her own dresses and linen to the Queen, with some clothes and linen of her son's for the Dauphin. It was the last act of kindness the Queen received.

After October, 1803, when her husband succeeded his father as second Marquess of Stafford, and became, if not the richest man in the kingdom, certainly its largest landowner, Lady Sutherland signed her letters "E. Stafford," with "Sutherland" below, a signature that continued for thirty years until Lord Stafford was made a Duke by William IV. In the meantime the new Lady Stafford's interests were divided between converting the waste lands of Sutherland into pasture and sheep farms to prevent the growing misery of its population, and her elder son, Earl Gower.

Mother and son were devoted to one another, and it was one of the griefs of her immensely occupied and prosperous existence that he did not marry. But on a political mission from the English Court to Prussia at the time of the Napoleonic invasion the young man had met Queen Louise at Koenigsberg. Her beauty, her misfortunes, but above all her cruel bullying by Napoleon, roused a chivalrous devotion as romantic and selfless as any inspired in the mind of a medieval knight. So profound was this devotion that on hearing of her death he had a long and dangerous illness, and did not marry for long afterwards. His choice then fell upon his cousin, Lady Harriet Howard, an incomparably lovely girl of seventeen, daughter of the sixth Earl of Carlisle, and through her mother, granddaughter of the famous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Next to a royal alliance the marriage with Lord Gower was the most brilliant Lord Carlisle's daughter could have made. Her mother, Lady Carlisle, was one of the most delightful of women; kind, wise, and passionately interested in her children. Her own mother, the beautiful Duchess Georgiana, had been obliged to go abroad and remain out of England for many years because of debts which she concealed from her husband—a little history hitherto unknown. But here it is, in a letter from Lady Carlisle to her daughter shortly after her marriage to Lord Gower.

"I sometimes take fears, my dearest Harriet, on the subject of extravagance. Tho' I know you are so well off in point of money, I also know, too well, that is no security against embarrassments and distress. I think, too, that tho' Lord Gower does everything most handsomely and liberally he might be provoked if you were foolishly extravagant; but have confidence in him, my dearest Harriet, in this as on every subject. He will be your best adviser. I have heard that all my mother's distresses began from £50 of debt that she concealed . . . the miseries my dear mother brought upon herself and others are a warning and caution."

For ten years lovely Harriet Howard was Countess Gower; then came the Dukedom of Sutherland to her father-in-law, and her husband became Marquess of Stafford. Her mother wrote on January 15, 1833: "I must be among the first to congratulate my dear Marquess and Marchioness on their *avènement* to their title, as I see the Dukedom is announced in *The Gazette* to-night, and consequently that I saw Lady Stafford (Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland) for the last time by that name this morning."

The first Duke of Sutherland, whilst helping his Countess-wife in her schemes for the betterment of Sutherland and looking after his own vast property, was a princely patron of the Arts. Neither he nor his wife, who, after the creation of the duchy was known as the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, ever lived at Stafford House.

But his daughter-in-law had taste, understanding, and vision. With the help of architects, painters and decorators, all of whom she inspired, she made Stafford House so magnificent that Queen Victoria coming there one night to dinner, said, "I have come from my house to your palace." Copies of Veronese's pictures adorn the walls of the great hall, set in precious marbles; everywhere the decoration was cream and gold. A picture gallery was built for the first Duke's treasures; room succeeded room hung with specially woven brocades; the china door-handles with a crossed "S" in forget-me-nots, hundreds of them of all sizes, were made by Minton. No palace in Europe equalled the magnificence of Stafford House. It was so large that it needed a staff of fifty servants. And the Duchess herself, beautiful, radiant, infinitely kind, reigned like a crowned queen in the midst of the splendour she had created.

Duchess Harriet had neither the brain nor the shrewdness and strength of character of her mother-in-law, the Duchess-Countess. In compensation she had all the softer qualities that appeal to family and friends. She had married into a great position and filled it with such distinction that in the '40s and '50s of last century Stafford House had a wider influence than Buckingham Palace.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne, the Duchess's rank marked her out for Mistress of the Robes. A letter written by Lady Carlisle to her son-in-law on the matter is an interesting commentary on the attitude at that time of the higher aristocracy towards the crown. "Should any offer be made *and accepted*, she will, in my opinion, be not receiving but conferring a favour." This was the result of the conduct of George IV and some of his brothers.

The appointment was accepted in August, 1837, and was held for twenty-four years.

The social glory that surrounded Duchess Harriet at Stafford House ended with the death of her husband in 1861. She survived him seven years.

In those days before telephones, ladies sent notes to one another by hand, written on small lace-edged paper. One such note from Lady Carlisle to the Duchess on July 13, 1854, runs:—

"I must thank you for your kind present of flowers and fruit, my loved Harriet, both on my old Birthday and for our Dinner to-day, they were particularly acceptable. It is not the 1st time you have scattered roses over my life."

Duchess Harriet scattered roses of kindness over many lives.

She had eleven children, three of whom died young. Three of her daughters became duchesses—Argyll, Leinster, and Westminster. One year the Duchess and her two elder daughters each brought offspring into the world at Stafford House within a few days of one another. Ribald young men at the clubs called the great house "The Lying-in Hospital."

Duchess Harriet's son and grandson succeeded as Dukes of Sutherland. The grandson sold Stafford house—the Crown lease of which was nearly ended—and by the generosity of the late Lord Leverhulme it became the London Museum under the name of Lancaster House. In the open space between the two turnstiles through which the public enter and leave, there formerly stood a door of looking-glass which slid into the wall. This was opened only for royalty and for brides of the family leaving after their weddings. The greatest sovereigns of nineteenth-century Europe have passed where sightseers now go to and fro—a change which would never have appeared even remotely possible to the gracious, beautiful woman who created the magnificence of Stafford House.

THE HALL OF STAFFORD HOUSE: A painting by Louis Béroud of the interior of the famous residence which was purchased by Lord Leverhulme in 1913 and presented to the nation

THE MOTHER OF HARRIET, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND: Georgiana, Countess of Carlisle, the eldest daughter of the famous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. She had twelve children

EXIT FOR THE PRIVILEGED: A painting by Louis Béroud showing the looking-glass door at Stafford House, which was opened only for royalty and for brides of the family leaving after their weddings

A NAVAL EPIC: Able Seaman Albert Brown (played by John Mills) sniping at the crew of a German warship from the cliffs of Resolution Island in order to delay the vessel's departure. A scene from the new Gaumont-British picture, *Brown on Resolution*, which is based on C. S. Forester's best-selling novel and was presented for the first time last week at the New Gallery Cinema

Philip Page Reviews THE LATEST PLAYS

Melodramatics in the New Show at the Ambassadors' : Seymour Hicks Abandons Sophisticated Farce

"The Mask of Virtue."—Elegance is a vastly pleasant quality in the theatre, and we are grateful when we find it, which is not often. If the elegance of *The Mask of Virtue* at the Ambassadors' Theatre is more superficial than real, we must none the less be grateful for some degree of mercy. For here we are free from language that is slip-shod or Americanised or both, and from production that is nonsensically ostentatious.

Before it set out on its travels this play, which comes to England from France via Germany, may have had real elegance. It still has the grace of French clothes and furniture, and of gestures of the days when the Pompadour and the Du Barry were adored, as well as the undoubted polish of Mr. Ashley Dukes' English. Mr. Dukes is here in his most ducal mood, and I have no doubt he enjoyed evolving those polished phrases as much as I enjoyed listening to them ; he is indeed a man with a load of literary enthusiasm and the ability to exploit it.

Yet I doubt whether *The Mask of Virtue* is really worthy of the labour he has expended on it. The German author, Carl Sternheim, has introduced some heavy and characteristic sentimentalities and melodramatics which not even Mr. Dukes can polish away. That is what I mean when I say the play is only superficially elegant ; when it ceases to be a comedy of manners it becomes crude.

Until manners give place to melodrama all is well. Mr. Frank Cellier, who can not only wear eighteenth-century clothes but contrive to look like Louis XVI in them, declaimed charming insincerities and flicked a lace handkerchief with courtly grace. He had grown tired of his mistress, and told her so for the best part of an act with untiring charm. She was no less charming even when she essayed to teach him a lesson by doing a particularly uncharming thing. She unearthed from some undesirable quarter of Paris a pretty girl with an ugly past, and successfully schemed for him to fall in love with and marry her without knowledge of that past. The heroics began, and the play lost its balance when the husband discovered his wife's reputation and when the wife asked him to shoot her—possibly *pour encourager les autres*.

Wives don't do that, even when they have been what this one had been. But I will allow that husbands in such circumstances would certainly refuse to shoot, and may possibly confess that they are deeply in love and intend to live happily ever after. The whitewashing of the lady in question, however, grew a little tedious and the sentimentality still more so. The play would have been better had it ended, as it had begun, on a note of cheerful irony.

I minded me of how Dr. Johnson summed up the situation when the many good qualities of a lady who had left her husband to live with, and to serve, honour, and obey her youthful lover were extolled at length. "Tut, tut," said the great man, "the woman's a whore, and that's an end to 't!"

Miss Vivien Leigh played the young wife with any amount of sly charm and the right suggestion that she knew a thing or two. A highly promising performance, and I feel tolerably sure that this promise will be fulfilled and lead to important achievements. But I would not, for the moment, put it any higher than that, nor can I join in the chorus that has proclaimed Miss Leigh, on the score of her work in this play, as a star of the first magnitude. She has faults—among them a trick of dropping into inaudibility—and it would do her poor service at this stage of her career to ignore them. None the less, here is a most welcome newcomer. Lady Tree was deliciously in the period as her evil old harridan of a mother, and Miss Jeanne de Casalis was duly and elegantly spiteful as the discarded mistress.

"The Miracle Man."—Mr. Seymour Hicks, having (certainly for London's good and probably for his own profit) secured a lease of the Victoria Palace, has for the nonce abandoned sophisticated farce. The theatre is a large one and more full-blooded fare is necessary. That does not worry Mr. Hicks in the least since he is so superb an actor that there is no form of his art in which he cannot excel.

The Miracle Man may be described as spiritualistic drama from which religiosity has been carefully excluded. The result is that it is remarkably effective, and, in its more serious moments (it has others) all the more impressive by reason of its avoidance of the mawkish. A mixture of *The Sign of the Cross* and a modern crook play would seem to be a formidable one, yet here the elements have blended into an exciting whole which will enrapture thousands and cannot possibly offend anyone.

The "miracle man" is a Canadian he-ancient who has a reputation for achieving supernatural cures. Played by Sir Philip Ben Greet, with one line to speak but lots of white hairs, he is a saintly and venerable figure, so obviously not a man of the world that a small gang of undesirables, led by one "Doc" Madison, determine to exploit him, to stage fake cures, and to concentrate on the £ s. d. aspect of a sort of local Lourdes.

Their schemes go astray, not because miracles don't happen but because they do. The most repulsive of the gang can squirm about on the floor in sham paralysis and stagger realistically to his feet, leaping and praising God, at the approach of Sir Philip. But neither he nor his companions are prepared for the curing, *coram populo*, of a real cripple ; that upsets not only their plans but their consciences. The "bad girl of the family," who is in love with Madison, finds grace, and even Madison shows signs of repenting and becoming a true believer.

If anyone is in search of a "lesson" in this play I do not doubt that they will find an uplifting one, for the serious scenes are quite sincere and very beautifully done. Those whose theatre-going is on less idealistic lines will enjoy a first-class drama with plenty of excitement in it and some admirable acting. Mr. Hicks, who plays Madison with infinite skill and irresistible charm, has been quite unselfish, for the part is by no means a showy one. It does, however, give him a little scope for comedy at times as well as a chance, at the end of the play, to remind us that he is also a great tragedian. I trust, by the way, that a revival of *King Richard III* is among his future plans at this theatre.

Miss Ellaline Terriss played with exquisite tenderness the subject of the real miracle. Miss Margaretta Scott, clever actress though she is, could not quite convince me, at her "unreformed" stage, that she was a bad bad woman, but she played a long and difficult part, on the whole, extremely well. Mr. Ben Welden was villainously hypocritical as a sham cripple, and Mr. Charles Quartermaine hovered with benevolent indecision as a virtuously amorous millionaire.

The Opera.—Sir Thomas Beecham was rightly bewailing last week the ludicrously small amount of opera heard at Covent Garden each year. Still, what *is* there (as Mr. George Robey used to sing, but not in opera) is *good*. The tiny season of six weeks is already nearly half over, but it is an achievement of which Sir Thomas and Mr. Geoffrey Toye have every reason to be proud. Such performances as I have been able to attend have been as near the ideal musically as it is humanly possible to be, and although the new scenic arrangements do not seem as yet to be in full working order, they are a vast improvement on the old, and the lighting is really superb.

The experiment of diluting Wagner with a spot of Rossini now and then has been fully justified. But I fail to see any justification for the opportunity that has thus been seized by the Rossini enthusiasts for belittling Wagner. Why cannot these people enjoy the amusing and wholly attractive trivialities of *La Cenerentola* and *L'Italiana in Algeri* without pouring abuse on the *Ring* and *Tristan*? There is a Rossini "boom." So much the better, for Rossini was a considerable person who has been undeservedly neglected. But let us keep our heads about it. Both composers had genius ; yet Wagner was so immeasurably the greater genius of the two that in a Wagner-Rossini season Rossini's place is that of the soda in the whisky.

L'Italiana in Algeri proved, none the less, nice, bubbly, refreshing soda water of excellent quality, and I enjoyed every moment of it—even the comedy, which was of a simple and ingenuous type. It is, I imagine, because comedy is so rare in grand opera that one laughs at Covent Garden at things which in a revue or musical comedy would send one straight to the foyer. Most of the humour is in the music, which here is high-spirited without being particularly tuneful.

Madame Conchita Supervia is probably the only prima donna in the world who can tackle the vocal fireworks of the principal part as they should be tackled, and she is an admirable comedienne. Admirable, too, were Signor Bettoni and Signor Baracchi, and Signor Bellezza, the conductor, secured a performance which was just in the right spirit.

"Götterdämmerung."—If *L'Italiana* were performed year after year, decade after decade, as is *Götterdämmerung*, what would be the size of the audiences? Not, I venture to think, very large. For Wagner's masterpiece, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, there was not a vacant seat, and from five until close on midnight perfect Wagnerites listened in awed devotion to a perfect performance. The orchestral playing was something at which to marvel, and Herr Melchior, Herr Jannssen, and Mme Frida Leider gave of their magnificent best.

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR: Betty Balfour as Elizabeth Brown, the hero's mother, in the Gaumont-British film, *Brown on Resolution*. The naval scenes in the picture were made with the co-operation of the Admiralty, which placed four ships, *Iron Duke*, *Curacoa*, *Neptune*, and *Broke* at the disposal of the director, Walter Forde

"GLAMOROUS NIGHT"

Scenes from Ivor Novello's Drury Lane Success

RURITANIAN MELODRAMA: The young inventor (Ivor Novello) prevents the assassination of the famous prima donna (Mary Ellis) as she leaves the Opera House in her carriage. One of the elaborately staged episodes in *Glamorous Night*, the musical play devised, written, and composed by Mr. Novello

ON THE SPOT: Anthony (Ivor Novello) comforts Militza, the prima donna (Mary Ellis), after a second attempt has been made to kill her—this time on board ship

ACTRESS AND VOCALIST: Two impressions of Mary Ellis, one of the few artistes who have ever appeared with success in both Grand Opera and straight plays. In *Glamorous Night* she gives one of the best performances of her career

On left—LAST MOMENTS OF A LINER: Terror-stricken passengers crowding the decks of the S.S. *Silver Star* as the vessel is about to go down. An elaborate Drury Lane spectacle in the traditional manner

A VILLAIN FOILED: Three more episodes from the show. *Left*—The sinister politician (Lyn Harding) attempts to force King Stefan of Krasnia (Barry Jones), at the point of the revolver, to sign his abdication, but Anthony (Ivor Novello) arrives in time to save the situation. *Centre*—The gipsies return thanks for the rescue of the King while Anthony (in background) looks on. *Right*—Ivor Novello and Mary Ellis in one of the closing scenes

TROLLEHOLM CASTLE: A typical residence of the aristocracy in Skane, Sweden's southernmost province. The building dates from the fourteenth century and contains a noteworthy library of 30,000 volumes

Sweden's Château Country

Ancestral Homes of the Province of Skane

THE DRAWING-ROOM IN VANÅS CASTLE: Another ancestral home in Southern Sweden

NOT even the fabled Rhineland can show the traveller so wide a range of architectural styles as Skane, Sweden's southern province.

Here, it is true, one comes upon the ultra-modern. There is, for example, the famous concert hall of Hälsingborg whose geometric elevation resembles some chiselled monolith whose interior the belly of a gigantic 'cello.

But the real architectural treasury is the legacy of the past, and is quickly revealed as one motors through those silver beech forests where fallow and red deer roam, and storks and cranes fly overhead.

It is a land of fairy tale romance that persists in defiance of modernity; it is the last stronghold of that traditional Sweden that preserves the aristocratic principle.

Many of these moated castles date back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Their walls and turrets dream beside placid lakes or nestle against the deep green of a forest setting. They are the homes of nobles who have been in interrupted possession sometimes as long as 400 years.

If our own large landowners are vanishing before the advance of a much-demanding State, nothing like that menaces the Swedish proprietor. Death duties are a mere 10 per cent, and most of these ancient families—many with links and names that suggest Scotland—have reservoirs of wealth in that modern Sweden from which they seem so far removed.

Life in Skane seems to proceed without as much as an echo from the turbulent modern world. These Freiherrs and Counts are rich. They are feudal, selling no farm lands, limiting their leases to ten years. It is as though they functioned as custodians of the past for whom the restless scene of the modern world has no existence.

The mode of life of this landed class resembles that of our own territorial families. But with one fundamental difference—the absence of the metropolitan contacts that link the English county to the capital.

The castle and château-owners of Skane may sometimes keep a town house in Stockolm or Malmö, but it is seldom more than a *pied-à-terre*.

If you would please your Skane host you must be prepared to go with him into the past. He has, it is true, perhaps six or eight great cars; but his heart is in his stable. In one such I saw no fewer than seventy thoroughbred horses.

THE NORRVIKEN GARDENS: A beauty spot near the little town of Bastad

You must give yourself up to the inspection of his private museum, for each of these lovely homes is that. When the head of a Swedish territorial house dies no single thing is sold. Thus every château and castle is a museum of family pieces that represent the changing fashions of three or four centuries.

Very often the effect is regal, for lack of means has never cramped the style of the Swedish nobleman in search of *objets d'art*.

Here, too, where all breathes the air of bygone days, the medieval tradition of hospitality flourishes.

You are English and that is your card of introduction. You would see the treasures of this ancient house—then you must stay awhile, lunch, dine, and leave only when the battered visitors' book has been duly signed.

To leave these haunts of peace that jewel the greenness of fertile Skane for Stockholm is very much like a journey on Wells' time machine from past to future. The transition is complete and dramatic.

Just the same, the visitor wandering the vast apartments of these magnificent homes will find there the clue to the mentality of their proprietors.

For if the Swedish territorial magnate declines to sell his heritage or change his ways of life, he likes nothing better than to move in the realm of modern ideas. It is in his library that you discover the man.

George Godwin

DATING FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A view of Sovdeborg Castle from across the moat

NATURE'S CROWN OF THORNS: A remarkable picture showing how a wild plant in a cemetery in a suburb of Vienna grew round a statue of the Madonna and Child. The plant has been dead for some years but the effect is still extremely striking

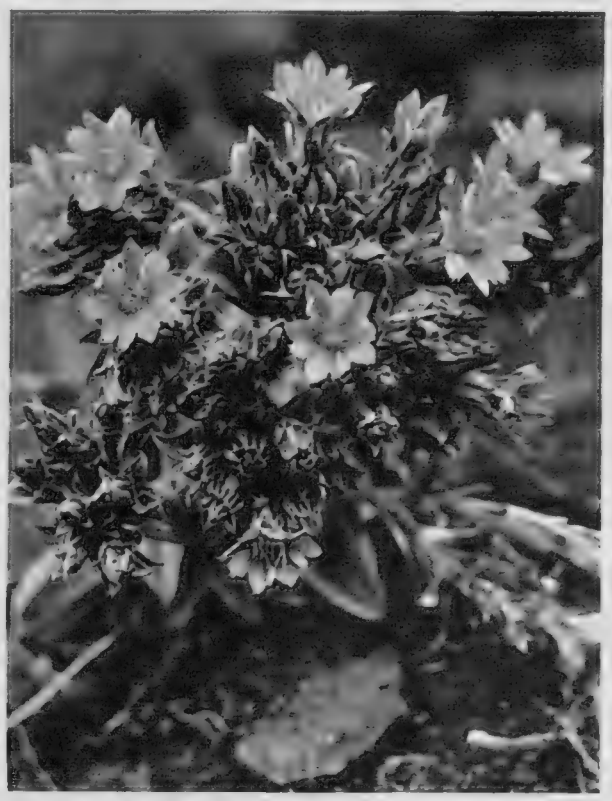
THE BLACKSMITH'S MONUMENT: This fine memorial, which typifies all that is best in Finnish contemporary art, has been erected in Helsingfors at the junction of the Alexandersgatan and the von Heinrisksgatan. It is the gift of a Mr. Julius Tallberg

ICHABOD: A member of Italy's Royal Carabinieri, the force which, by a new decree, may no longer wear the picturesque three-cornered Napoleon hat except on ceremonial occasions. In future the men will adopt a regulation cap similar in shape to that now in use in the British Army

HIMALAYAN BLOOMS for the ROYAL PARKS

Rare Plants Presented to the King by the State of Kashmir

A PERILOUS PERCH: Climbing an almost vertical rock while looking for rare species of gentian to include in the consignment of flowers and seeds which the State of Kashmir sends every year as a gift to His Majesty the King. The work of gathering these lovely Himalayan plants (examples of which are shown on this page) is entrusted to the Forest Officers who, at great risk, often carry their search to seemingly inaccessible places at heights of between 12,000 and 14,000 ft.



"FLOWERS THAT SKIRT THE ETERNAL FROST": Two beautiful plants that have been sent to the Royal Parks. *Left*—The trollius acaulis; an Alpine perennial bearing large, open, golden-yellow flowers. *Right*—A showy species of gentian, having dense lateral and terminal clusters of rich dark-blue flowers

THE ADONIS CHRYSOCYATHUS: A handsome perennial which grows in a tufted form and has numerous graceful fern-like leaves. Each stem bears a large solitary golden flower

CLEMATIS MONTANA: A tall, robust, perennial climber that provides a great profusion of white flowers which, during the months of April and May, over-lie the shrubs of the mountain side like a mantle of snow

ANEMONE OBTUSILOBA: A perennial with white, blue, or yellow flowers of about 1 in. in diameter, which appear between April and June. Its roots and seeds possess medicinal properties, the oil extracted from them being used for curing rheumatism

IN THE GARDEN OF INDIA: Native children picking the fragrant wild Iris which they find in large numbers on the lower slopes of the beautiful Valley of Kashmir. Needless to say, they find a ready sale for them in the towns, particularly among the British residents

CLASSIC ART IN PARIS

Italian Paintings at the Petit Palais

"ST. GEORGE," BY RAPHAEL: One of the gems of the exhibition of Italian art which is now being held in Paris. This picture was lent for the occasion by the authorities of the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad

THE outstanding feature of the Paris season is the great exhibition of Italian art which opened on May 15 at the Petit Palais.

When M. Raymond Escholier, curator of the museum, first planned its organization two years ago, he hoped to be able to form an exhibition comparable to that shown in London in 1930. But funds were lacking and difficulties presented themselves on every occasion. He was about to abandon his ambitious scheme when Mussolini intervened, and expressed his wish that every help should be given the organizers to realize an exhibition which would be significant as a manifestation of Franco - Italian friendship.

All the paintings mentioned in the "Ideal List" that M. Escholier had drawn up, and of which he had hardly dared ask the loan, were then immediately catalogued for the exhibition. In addition, Mussolini, in stating that he "wished it to be splendid," consented to the loan of several masterpieces which had never before left Italy.

"THE WEDDING OF ST. CATHERINE": A famous example of the art of Paolo Veronese, the last of the great painters of the Venetian school and a master of detail

The generosity of Italy prompted other nations to lend some of their rare examples of Italian art for the Paris exhibition. Thus the Hermitage have lent some famous works which did not appear in the London exhibition; notable among these being Raphael's "Saint George," Giorgione's "Judith," and two Madonnas by da Vinci. While the rules and regulations of the National Gallery unfortunately prevent any of its famous Italian pictures from figuring in any international show, it is, however, pleasing to note that the Liverpool and Edinburgh Galleries, in addition to the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Duveen, Lord Rothermere and Courtauld collections, are among British contributors. France, Hungary, Austria, Belgium, Portugal, Turkey, and America are other countries that have sent masterpieces of Italian art to the Petit Palais.

It is much regretted that at the last minute Germany announced her decision not to lend the twenty-five paintings which she had previously promised the Petit Palais. Nevertheless, Italy came to the rescue and promptly supplemented her contribution, being anxious that Mussolini's wish should be carried out.

PREPARING FOR THE OPENING DAY: A picture by Bernardo Strozzi being placed in position at the Petit Palais

Of the 500 paintings 300 alone have come from museums, churches, and private collections all over Italy.

When one considers that the Petit Palais has almost twice as much space for exhibiting as Burlington House, it is no exaggeration to state that this exhibition gravely challenges the collection shown in London in 1930. Apart from the 500 paintings there are 300 drawings, 200 engravings, and magnificent collections of manuscripts, medallions, miniatures, glassware, etc. The sculpture in the front galleries is also remarkably fine.

A. W.

MODERN ART in LONDON

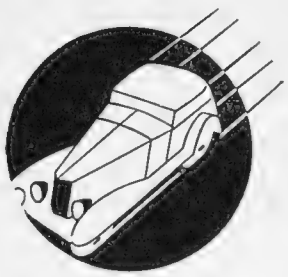
Pierre Bonnard at the Lefevre Galleries

"APRÈS LE REPAS": One of the thirty-eight pictures by Pierre Bonnard, a contemporary French artist, which are now being shown at an exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries, King Street, St. James's. Bonnard, whose work is not so well known in this country as it deserves to be, was born in 1867 at Fontenay-aux-Roses, and started his career in the French Civil Service, later resigning his position in order to devote all his energies to painting. His pictures have been seen in London from time to time, but this present show, which covers a period of forty-five years, is far and away the most comprehensive that has ever been held. It will remain open until June 1

"LE LAC": Another canvas by Pierre Bonnard illustrating his impressionist style which is somewhat reminiscent of the work of Auguste Renoir particularly in its gaiety of colour

"EARLY SPRING—STRANGFORD LOUGH, NORTHERN IRELAND": A canvas by Cyril Bion shown at a recent exhibition of his landscape paintings at Walker's Galleries, New Bond Street. The artist, who has made an exhaustive study of the methods of the old masters, is particularly noted for his studies of trees and for his brilliant sense of atmosphere

FITTING FOR MEN IN A HURRY



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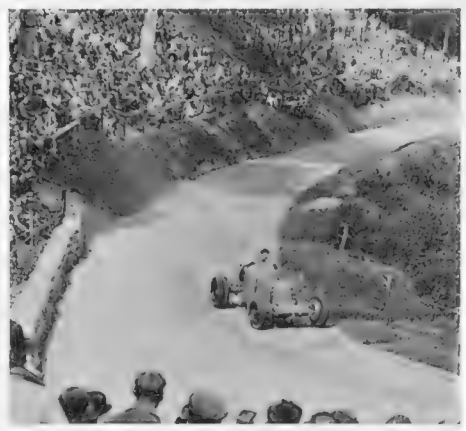
P.545

SHELSLEY WALSH HILL CLIMB

Raymond Mays Wins in Record Time

PASSING THE "GRANDSTAND": E. R. Hall taking the bend in his M.G. Special, watched by a large gallery of spectators who braved the cold. There was only one "incident" during the day, and this occurred when A. G. Bainton shot off the course when travelling at speed and plunged 20 yards down a steep hillside and came to rest in soft ground. He was unhurt

A BRITISH SUCCESS: As usual the Shelsley Walsh Hill Climbing Test (now in its thirtieth year) attracted a large number of home and foreign competitors, and last Saturday's event resulted in a triumph for Raymond Mays who won the Gold Cup for the fastest time of the day and broke the record set up by Whitney Straight twelve months ago. *Left*—Mays, Sir Malcolm Campbell, and Earl Howe chatting before the start. *Right*—Sir Malcolm beginning his run



CORNERING AT SPEED: Two drivers taking the famous bend. *Left*—Miss Barbara Skinner who set up a new woman's record last year, but was beaten last Saturday by Miss Doreen Evans who made the climb in 45 secs. *Right*—Raymond Mays in one of the two E.R.A. cars which he drove and in both of which he surpassed the previous best time

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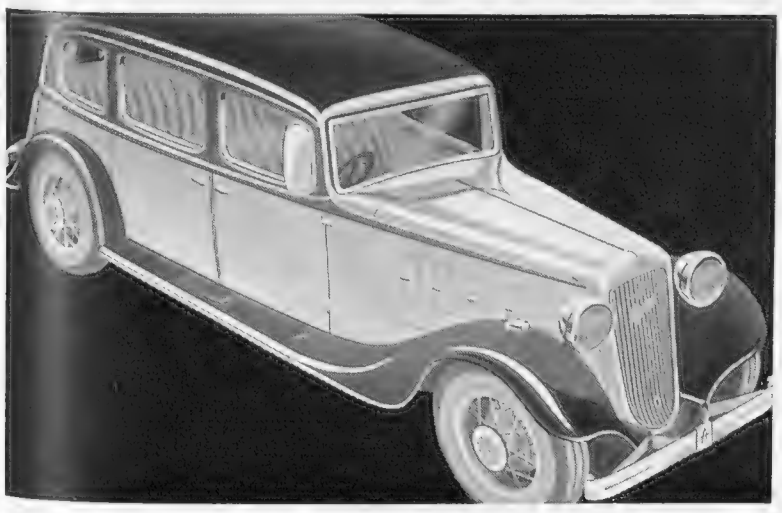

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The World of Books

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

E. F. Benson Writes a Vivid Study of Queen Victoria: Louis Golding in Flippant Mood: Mazo de la Roche Continues her Whiteoaks Saga

TWO AUTHORS IN THE NEWS: *Left*—Martin Boyd, whose new novel, *The Lemon Farm*, which has the south coast in the neighbourhood of Chichester as its setting, was published this week by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd. His last book, *Scandal of Spring*, was one of the successes of 1934. *Right*—Peter Neagoe, the Rumanian writer whose novel, *Storm*, was at first banned in America on the score of obscenity, but has now been issued by the Coward-McCann Company, of New York, under the title of *Winning a Wife*

NOVELISTS writing history often take on a falsely genial quality and an over-explanatory method that only serve to blur the clear outline of the actual facts.

There is nothing of this about Mr. E. F. Benson, who has always been a shrewd observer and commentator through the medium of fiction. In QUEEN VICTORIA (Longmans. 16s.) Mr. Benson has added to his own reputation, and also given us a valuable study of the Victorian age. For me the most remarkable thing in the book was his judgment of the Prince Consort, who has always been a controversial, sometimes a slightly pathetic, figure.

"Such a type," writes Mr. Benson, "with its feminine tastes, its unclubable qualities, its ill-judged dignity, its wholly un-English traits, was not likely to be popular. He was unlike a man in many things and like the schoolmaster abroad in others."

Of Albert's good sense the author has a great deal to say. "Then he had greatly cordialized the relations between the Queen and her mother. . . . . He was a peace-maker, and among his tactful operations was a tranquillizing of his wife's impulsive and violent temper. Perhaps, for all his oddities, his pedantry, he might prove to be exactly the man for the moment."

None of the conventional prejudices or opinions seem to have influenced Mr. Benson in writing of Victoria; he has relied on his own powers of clear reasoning, and his comments are the more interesting for their freshness.

Although she was a mere child when she became queen, her character was already formed, and was never to alter. "She was full of spontaneous gaiety, she was capable of eager and intense enjoyment, she was warmly affectionate, but she had also this inflexible will which caused her, when once she had come to a conclusion, to be rigidly tenacious of it, and these conclusions were the easier to arrive at because she had not and never would have the slightest touch of intellectual subtlety."

This is not the conventional portrait of a queen; it is the vivid study of an impression. If Mr. Benson had not that familiar touch of urbanity, one would almost be inclined to call it impressionism.

Camberwell Beauty is the name of a very decorative butterfly. It is also the name of Mr. Louis Golding's new book (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), which helped to make last weekend a very pleasant one for me. Frankly, I prefer Mr. Golding in this new and gently flippant mood, in which his characters are never entirely credible, and never undiverting. *Magnolia Street* was Mr. Golding in his more ambitious mood and should, for that reason be more admirable. I do not deny that, or attempt to detract from its merit. I simply enjoyed CAMBERWELL BEAUTY a great deal more.

Mr. Arnold Peveril, an enthusiastic Chiswick collector of butterflies and, as it turns out, a knight-errant of some talent, finds himself at very little notice transported to Sicily with his two improbable friends, Alf Tarleton and Leslie Webster. Mr. Peveril pursues a magician called Machatan (alias Frank Tomlinson), and Alf and Leslie in their efforts to help the Camberwell Beauty in distress, —for it was, of course, a girl who started all the trouble— are captured by the Mafia, and very obligingly provide Mr. Golding with the second half of his book. This half, I might add, is none the less entertaining for having very little connection with the first half.

All this gives an impression of confusion as I put it down, but it is crystal clear compared with the intricacies of Alf's adventures and Leslie's heroisms, and the praiseworthy but unproductive detective work of Mr. Peveril.

Realism has been cheerfully abandoned here, and the light-hearted result is worth a dozen pseudo-epics of contemporary gloom.

It is always an uncomfortable experience to be the last to arrive at a large family house-party. The others have settled down, all but you have had time to lose their shyness, and the conversation seems full of private, incomprehensible jokes and references to anonymous people. The only thing for the newcomer to do seems to be to keep quiet, to watch everyone unobtrusively, and to attempt to place them and their confusing relationships to each other. Sometimes this is very difficult. Sometimes, and very rarely, it hardly seems worth the mental exercise.

This is the state of affairs which confronts the person who has never before read one of Miss Mazo de la Roche's books, and who starts to read YOUNG RENNY (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) in cheerful ignorance of the history of the Whiteoaks family.

It is not, as the publisher would like to suggest, a good introduction to the family, whose lives have been exhaustively dealt with in four other books. It is an entertaining family saga, but not for those who are, so to speak, behind with their homework.

The dominant character of the book is the eighty-year-old grandmother, Adeline, who is arrogant, downright, pig-headed, and delightful. Her grandson, Renny, has many of her traits, combined with what I would call a certain furtiveness, but which was probably intended by the author to be the glorious recklessness of youth. There are tedious patches in the story where the Whiteoaks occupy themselves with their aristocratic Canadian birth and breeding, but these are not important enough to spoil a genuinely interesting story. With Miss de la Roche's co-operation, and a further four books on the subject, I feel I could get to know this family quite intimately.

GONE RAMBLING (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) is the sequel to Mr. Cecil Roberts' earlier and pleasantly autobiographical book, *Gone Rustic*, and this time it is

(Cont. on p. 382)

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BATH : AN HISTORIC BRITISH SPA

THERE is no English watering place that combines in a higher degree the attractions of modernity with the grace of a long-established tradition. The tradition, indeed, reaches back to Roman times, and the Roman Baths, still amazingly well preserved, even to their mosaic pavements, provide striking proof of the eternal efficacy of the hot radio-active springs that come surging out of the earth here. But Bath, as we know it to-day, draws its inspiration primarily from the eighteenth century, when it first achieved that place in fashionable English life that it has retained ever since. Its wide streets and lovely crescents, its splendid classical buildings, all these make it one of the most fascinating resorts in the world, whether one goes there in search of health or merely of recreation.

Bath is set in a lovely landscape of hills and woods, and the Avon valley, in which it lies, is particularly charming. There are very pleasant walks to be taken here, and a little farther afield, some very pleasant motor drives. The Mendip Hills are within easy reach, for instance, with their many famous beauty spots such as Glastonbury Abbey, Wookey Hole, Cheddar, and the cathedral city of Wells.

The climate is mild and healthy, and is a faithful ally of the springs. The Spa itself is thoroughly efficient and up to date, and is extremely successful in effecting cures of rheumatic and allied complaints. Some of the baths are even fitted with chairs actuated by hydraulic power for lowering helpless and crippled patients into the water during the initial stages of their cure.

The Bath mineral water is particularly rich in radium emanation, and this element is also present in the natural gases given off from the spring. It has been found possible recently to utilize this discovery in connection with throat and nasal sprays that have proved highly efficacious in cases of rheumatic laryngitis and pharyngitis.

Bath possesses hotel accommodation worthy of its importance as a spa of international repute, which can be relied upon to satisfy every taste, however simple or however sophisticated. Its shopping centre, too, is capable of meeting the most exacting requirements, while there is sufficient opportunity for both outdoor and indoor amusement throughout the year to prevent anyone from ever feeling bored.

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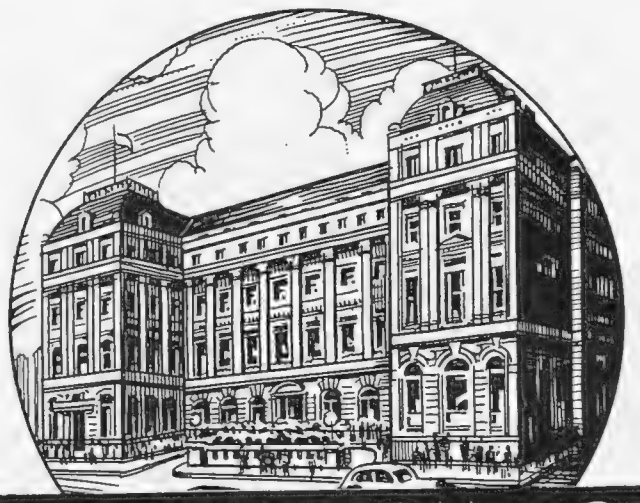

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THE TRUTH ABOUT GERMANY'S AIR FORCE

(Continued from p. 346)

officers' mess, casino, living quarters, two hospitals, covered swimming bath, gymnasium, and sports fields. Officers eligible to enter the General Staff Academy will be a select, hand-picked company. So it is easy to visualize the proposed lavishness of the equipment, scientific and otherwise, and the cachet which membership will bestow.

This air city will be the seat of the aerial brains of Germany.

Even Captain Wolter, to-day in the most enviable position as personal attaché to General Göring, confided to me that he was thrilled at the possibility of entering the Academy. Chief Architect Wilhelm Dohme, who showed me round, told me that the work was begun on the air city only in November, but by dint of incessant labour it is already rising rapidly.

Young flying cadets will be taught at the Technical School and Aviation section. This also includes an automobile driving and maintenance department. Pupils from the Technical School and the Flying School will not be able to pass to the Academy direct. Several years of flying service must intervene, and then only those whose qualities suggest them for the General Air Staff will be eligible. The aerodrome occupies the north-west area. Hangars, repair-shops, control tower, and all other most up-to-date buildings, wireless and various scientific facilities will be available.

As we walked about, my imagination was lively with pictures of what might be under these vast foundations. The exceptional courtesy shown to me forbade questions about things that must of necessity be secrets of national defence. Rumour claims there are vast underground hangars at Kladow. Even if I did not see evidence of such, it is not unreasonable to suppose that bombproof shelters would be available in the very near vicinity of the Air War Academy and the Technical School, with their valuable libraries, instruments, archives, and machines.

The Air Force is the Spirit of New Germany, and Kladow is to be its High Altar.

From what I saw and heard in Germany, however, I cannot escape the conclusion that Germany's Air Force is not yet anywhere near so large as Germany has allowed the world to believe. After all, the production capacity of an aircraft industry is of vastly greater importance in national defence than too large a fleet, of which a proportion would regularly and incessantly become obsolete.

General Göring declared several times that Germany has now an Air Force sufficiently large for the time being, to discourage aggression and ward off attacks. The present number of 'planes he did not, in the interests of national defence, wish to divulge.

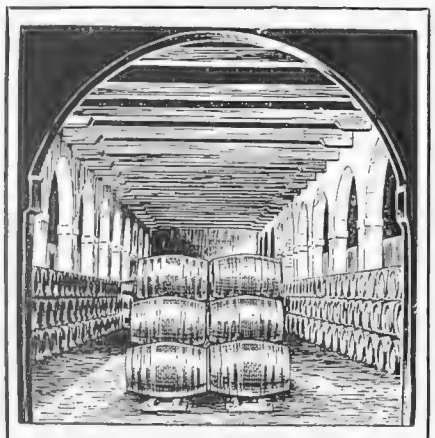
"But," I interposed, "newspapers in England, France, and other countries declare that Germany has more than 10,000 aeroplanes and is adding to them at the rate of several hundred a week. You have not once denied these reports."

"Am I to be held responsible for figures printed in the foreign Press that are so grotesque to anyone who has the slightest knowledge of aviation and aircraft production? I would be lacking in dignity to call attention to such absurd reports by official denial!

"All I can say," he concluded "is that I am quite satisfied with the German Air Force; that we harbour no aggressive designs against England or any other nation. We are not thinking of war."

The second line of the bottom caption on p. 355 of this issue should, more correctly, read as follows: "They were brought down the river in the pleasure steamer, *Royal Eagle*."

A FLYING OFFICER'S ESCAPE: The wreckage of an aeroplane belonging to No. 41 Squadron R.A.F. after it had crashed and burst into flames on the L.M.S. main line near Harrow and Wealdstone Station last Monday. Flying Officer Johnson, the pilot and only occupant of the machine, made a parachute jump and landed safely



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Challenge to the Sun

A Dutchman and his Wonder Lamp

By ROY ELSTON

SHALL we be able, one of these days, to dispense with the sun? A Dutchman, Mr. C. Bol, has lately been busy perfecting an electric lamp "which leaves far behind it everything else yet discovered in the field of artificial light," and, in its present form, has a surface capacity of 40,000 candle-power, or one quarter the light intensity of the surface of the sun.

The Dutch are always doing this kind of thing, and yet no one ever seems to expect it of them. The exploratory urge which used to expend itself on territorial discovery is concentrated to-day upon the problems of science and industry. And what is the result? Through the efforts of this little people, who are supposed to do nothing but grow tulips and potatoes, wear patched trousers and wooden shoes, smoke cigars and drink Schiedam gin, we are nearer than ever to Aldous Huxley's nightmarish *Brave New World*.

From the laboratories, where Mr. Bol has been perfecting his challenge to the sun, there came, quite recently, a monstrous wireless receiving-set, which not only registers sound but makes it visible. Anyone can talk into the apparatus and *see* the sound of his voice. Why anyone should want to do that I am not sure, but apparently this new arrangement brings one stage nearer Huxley's "Feelies."

The same laboratories have been busy completing what is supposed to be a great improvement on the ordinary systems of registration used for the talkies. It is known as the Philips-Miller system, and makes possible an electro-mechanic registration of sound which combines the perfect sound qualities of wax, as used for gramophone registration, with the durability and convenience of the film system.

I have no intention of going into details about this new discovery. The word of the experts, that it is a big advance on anything which existed before the Philips laboratories perfected it, must be taken for granted. For my part, my brain is in quite sufficient of a whirl as the result of hearing a detailed exposition of Mr. Bol's wonder-lamp; and I have mentioned the other discoveries in passing just to show what happens in Holland when you are not looking.

Eindhoven is the place where the Philips laboratories are situated. Before visiting Eindhoven I looked it up in a guide-book. "Eindhoven is a manufacturing town (population 85,000). It is pleasantly situated and has a modern Gothic church. There are trams to——." Never mind where the trams go to. Guide books are very irritating at times. So I asked a Dutchman, a nice fat Dutchman, who had just been telling me, with a twinkle in his eye, that two-thirds of the British Empire had been discovered by the Dutch, from whom most of it was stolen by the English!

"Eindhoven?" echoed the nice, fat Dutchman. "Why, that's where the Philips works are. Everyone knows that." The Dutch are very proud of Philips. To say to a Dutchman that you have never heard of Philips is like saying to an American that you have never heard of Henry Ford. He simply won't believe you. After all, the Philips concern in electrical matters, is perhaps second only to the General Electric in world importance. It employs many thousands, has daughter companies all over Europe, and possesses laboratories which, in efficiency and result, are probably without equal outside the United States.

In one of these laboratories sits Mr. C. Bol, concentrating an intensity of light equal to one quarter of the sun's surface intensity into a thin tube 2 centimetres long and 6 millimetres through. It is a high intensity mercury vapour light, which it has been possible to compress into the present small tube (the original example was 110 centimetres long by 9·5 centimetres through) as the result of water-cooling. The high temperature accompanying such powerful intensity necessitated not only the water-cooling system but also the use of quartz instead of glass.

These tiny lamps carry a tension of from 500 to 850 volts for every centimetre discharge, and are thus capable of an intensity of atmospheric pressure of 250! Larger lamps are possible, roughly the size of an ordinary pencil, and capable of 500,000 light rays, a brightness far exceeding that of the sun itself! The invention truly has a dazzling future; the particulars of how it is accomplished, explained to me in the simple "you-know-what-I-mean" manner of the expert, were already dazzling enough.

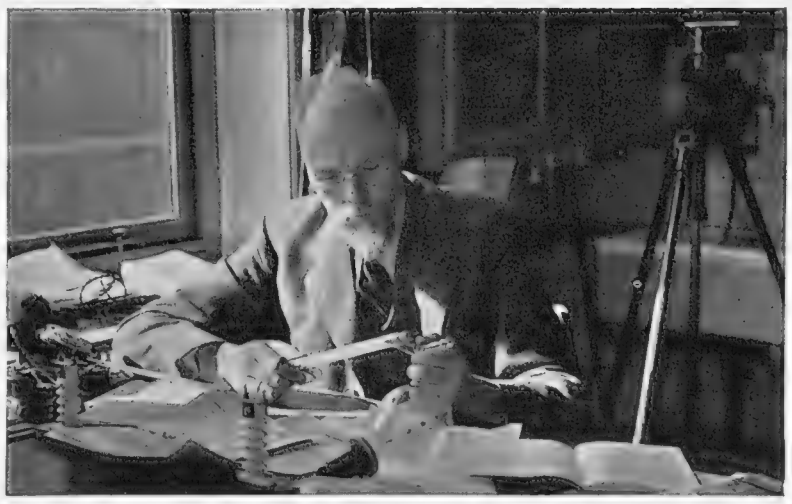
I looked out of the window. A church steeple, with an onion-shaped appendix, shone in the sun. Chestnut trees, close by, were full of spring buds looking like green bats poised on the branches. Troops of working men and girls were pouring out of the big gates, laughing and teasing in the sun. The sun was everywhere, and a very jolly old world it was in consequence. And there, in the laboratory, in a little tube no bigger than my finger, was something that could beat the sun at its own job!

Well, not exactly. Who wants the bright sun to be any brighter?

But let us look at these things scientifically. For street lighting, cinema projection, and for photographic purposes, the new lamp is likely to prove of enormous value.

One advantage it will have over the present system of natrium lighting, which has been installed in parts of Amsterdam and The Hague, and which is considered to be a big advance in street illumination over the ordinary electric lighting. This advantage lies in the reduced degree of colour distortion which is a virtue of the new mercury vapour lamp.

It is almost impossible to recognize anyone under the glow of the natrium lamps. The light is a uniform pale-green colour, and to see a group of people waiting for a tram near the Binnenhof in The Hague, with the light of the natrium lamps spread over them is, for the first time at least, a most uncanny experience. Each individual looks like a dressed corpse. The new mercury light almost overcomes this drawback. The experts claim that its colour is that of the sunlight.



AN INVENTION WITH A BRILLIANT FUTURE: Mr. C. Bol, of the Philips Laboratories, Eindhoven, Holland, who has perfected a high-intensity mercury vapour lamp which has a surface capacity of 40,000 candle power, or one quarter the light intensity of the surface of the sun

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AMERICA'S GIANT OLD-AGE PENSION SCHEME

(Continued from p. 352)

country, however, 40 dollars a month would barely finance subsistence.

Just how effective the old-age pension will be is a question. The tendency in the United States is for men to live longer and for employers to retire their workers younger. It is becoming more and more difficult for a man over forty to find employment. The man over fifty who loses his job is in a sad plight. His experience and intelligence count for little beside the prospect that a company may hope for twenty or thirty years of service from a younger man. If corporations generally begin to retire men at fifty or fifty-five, and the old-age pension is not available until a man reaches sixty-five, there is going to be an hiatus that will be distressing to say the least.

One of the gravest criticisms of this pension plan is that it is decentralized. But it probably is not so bad as it would be if it were centralized. A Federal pension system would involve an enormous organization. It would probably mean that the granting of many legitimate applications for pension would be delayed indefinitely. It would increase the opportunity for graft. It would multiply injustices of many kinds. These things would be true in addition to the fact that the pension needs of various sections of the country are radically different.

There is a strong safeguard against the obvious evils of decentralization, however, in the fact that the Federal Fund, which makes the pension plan possible, is centralized. By its authority to invest this fund the U.S. Treasury can exercise a considerable control over the expansion and contraction of credit; and it is well known that wherever the Federal Government contributes to a local project it enforces compliance with its wishes without particular reference to any law. Incidentally, this divides the control of credit in the United States between the pension plan and the Federal Reserve Bank.

Perhaps the greatest encouragement to be derived from the Bill lies in the Administration's failure to attempt a machinery designed to "prevent future depressions." The recognition that depressions cannot be prevented is a salutary sign. It implies an economics that recognises that other depressions lie ahead, and that will presumably take what steps it may prepare to meet them better in the future than depressions have been met in the past.

There is still lacking, however, any hopeful word as to the end of the present depression. Nothing that has been done in the United States so far has got beyond the idea of relief. Employment is increasing, but so is unemployment; and the talk about returning prosperity is mainly a whistling in the dark. **Nelson Springer**

CONTINUATIONS

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from p. 376)

not Pilgrim Cottage but the surrounding Chilterns that the author helps us to explore.

Travel books, for this is a travel book on a comfortably small scale, can be the best reading in the world, though lately travel books with poetic annotations have not been so usual as at the beginning of the century. Mr. Roberts has revived a graceful fashion and we should be grateful to him for reminding us that an observant mind and excellent taste are such a readable combination.

Penrod was one of the classic small boys of literature, worthy to go in the same gallery, though not in the Early American section, as Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, the immortal. Now Mr. Booth Tarkington has invented, or perhaps realized is a better word here, another little boy, and in his generosity has given us a long book of his adventures and, more often, misadventures.

LITTLE ORVIE (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is not, of course, a second Penrod. That would simply be tiresome. He is a different boy in many very obvious ways, but he has the essential thing in common with Penrod and all small boys, that Mr. Tarkington understands perhaps better than any modern writer.

Young Orvie has a difficult time. His name to begin with is Orvard, which is hardly a help, and his parents are as unenlightened as the father and mother of any boy of eight years old, seen, naturally, from the boy's point of view. That the author always does see things from the child's point of view, and demonstrates its ruthless logic and fascination, is his principal and powerful charm. It is in books such as this that Mr. Tarkington is incomparable.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

C., Worc. (archæological tour of Belgium).—The following itinerary will prove a comprehensive tour of the Belgian towns and villages with outstanding features of archæological interest: Bruges; with local excursions to Damme, Thorout, Oostcamp, Lisseweghe; Ghent; Tournai; Audenarde; Hal; Soignies; Nivelles; Brussels, with an excursion to Villiers-la-Ville; Thuin, with local excursion to Landelies; Dinant, with local excursion to Celles and Falaan; Rochfort, with local excursion to St. Hubert and a long and somewhat inconvenient excursion to Villers-devant-Orval; Marche, with local excursion to Waha; Liège, with local excursion to Huy; Tongres; St. Trond, with local excursion to Leau; Tirlemont; Louvain, with local excursion to Heverle; Malines; Antwerp, with local excursion to Lierre. Dinant is an excellent centre from which to tour the Ardennes hills; a very pretty district well worth exploring. Your best route would be outward via Dover–Ostende, and homeward via Antwerp and Harwich. If you wish to visit one of the seaside resorts we suggest Knocke, which can be reached very conveniently from Bruges.

B., London (Germany).—There are many hundreds of Youth Hostels in Germany, and your best plan would be to obtain a complete guide to the German Youth Hostels, which can be had from the National Union of Students, 3, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1, price 2s. Membership of the English Youth Hostels Association (annual subscription, 5s. for adults, and 2s. 6d. for people under 21 years of age) entitles one to the use of the German Youth Hostels, where you will find the charges remarkably low. The return 2nd class fare from London to Hamburg *via* Harwich–Flushing, including the 60 per cent. reduction granted by the German Railways, provided one stays seven days in Germany, is £6 4s. 6d. Registered marks can be obtained from any bank or good tourist agency, at the rate of about 18 to the £. Two good districts for walking tours are the Harz Mountains and the Thuringian Forest, while if you wish to go farther south there is the Black Forest, which can be toured on foot very comfortably in two weeks.

N., Dorset (Germany).—Wildbad and Freudenstadt are the two best centres in the north for exploring the Black Forest, while an excellent centre, if you require bathing, is Titisee in the south, which has an attractive situation on a lake. The return 2nd class fare from London to Freudenstadt via Harwich–Flushing, including the 60 per cent. reduction granted by the German railways, is £6 11s., and you could if you wished travel by Rhine steamer from Cologne to Mainz. This trip is most enjoyable and is the best way to see the beauties of the Rhine Valley, many of which are not visible from the train.

H., Algiers (Spain).—Tibidabo and Vallvidrera are summer resorts outside Barcelona. Tibidabo is the highest point in the hills encircling Barcelona, and is at a height of 1,745 ft. connected with the town by tramway and funicular. Vallvidrera is at a height of only 1,225 ft., and the hotel accommodation there is not very good. The Florida Hotel at Tibidabo is excellent, the full board prices ranging from about 13s. per day.

N., Yorks (Cruise).—An interesting cruise is that of the Orient Line steamer *Orontes* to the Norwegian fjords and the northern capitals, sailing from Immingham on August 10th. The itinerary includes Balholm, Bergen, Mandal, Oslo, Zoppot (for Danzig), Helsingfors, Stockholm, Trevemunde and Copenhagen; the fares for this 19 days' cruise range from 28 guineas. You will find all the Orient Line boats most comfortable, though for a luxury cruise you could not do better than select the cruise to Italy, Turkey, Rhodes and Portugal, which the new Orient Line steamer *Orion* is making on August 14th. Fares for this 24 days' cruise range from 44 guineas.

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"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein. — "Der Kaiserhof." — (The world's most radio-active thermal Springs.) The hotel of distinction. Comf. ser. Unriv. posn.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace. Knocke.

Spa.—Grand Hotel Britannique. — 150 rooms with 'phone. 50 baths. Park. Garage. Tennis. R.A.C. From 12s. 6d.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Cambon.—3, rue Cambon (Madeleine-Tuileries).—Every comfort. Room from Frs. 20. Pension from Frs. 45.

Antibes (A.M.).—Gd. Hotel du Cap.—The world's famous summer resort. All Water Sports. Apply for booklet.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own 'bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing sea. Opp. swimming pool. 1st-cl. Residential hotel. Same management Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68 Kurfürstendamm. Each room private bath, wireless, telephone. From RM. 8.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Atlantic, Lichtentaler Allee.—Op. Cas., absolutely quiet Sth. pos. free fr. dust. Ev. comfort. Full pen. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated, 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated 1935, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Mngr's. wife English, prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(2 mins. from course, 18 holes). The ideal home for golfers & those who seek recreation. Full bd. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pension terms M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.—Near Ther. bths., ev. cmft. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel" fded. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert.—Best position near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM.3.50.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by English. All mdn. comf. Mod. prices. ex. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Strictly first-class, old-fashioned, facing park. 20 yards from the baths.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bühlerhöhe, Black Forest.—800 m. (2,600ft.) nr. Baden-Baden. **Kurhaus & Sanatorium.** All cures, diets, rest cures, sports. Pen. fr. M. 11

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comft. Nr. Cathedral. Rooms fr. RM.4, with p. b. fr. RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grün-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof.-Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. RM. 5, with bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-am-Main. — **Hotel Excelsior.** Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM 5.

Heidelberg. — **Reichspost-Hotel.** — Highly recomd. by German and foreign Gde Bks. Op. Cent. Stn. Wine & Beer Restnt Pens fr. Mk.8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—2 minutes from Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Park. Well-known Family Hotel Rooms from RM. 4

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf htl-bldng. Select home of Internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Hotel Technique. Mod. rates 20 mins. drive fr. Heidelberg.

Munich. — **Grand Hotel Continental.** — First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald. Opposite Central Station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.— First class. Homelike. Full pension from RM. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden. — **Palast Hotel.** — First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Grand Hotel Kaiserhof.—300 beds. 1st-cl. in quietest position in own large Park. Thermal Water, Swmg.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Wld.-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks.12.

ITALY.

Baveno (Lago Maggiore).—Hotel Bellevue. — The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. terms.

Colle Isarco (3,281 feet).—Dolomites.— **Hotel Gudrun.**— Every comfort. Moderate terms.

Rome.—Eden Hotel.—First class. Central and quiet location with splendid view over town and park. Reasonable rates.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois). On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air rest. Marv. view on lake & mntns. Pens. fr. Frs. 10.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site. — First-class at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne. — **The National.** — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 8, Pension from Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

Montreux.-Montreux Palace Hotel.-Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Zurich-Dolder. — **Dolder Grand Hotel,** 1,900 ft.—Golf in front of Hotel, wonderful view. Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

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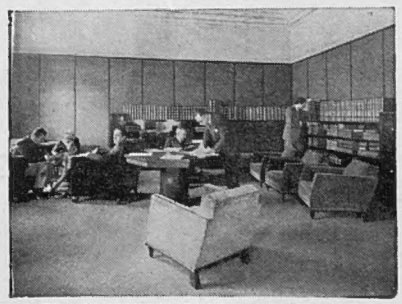

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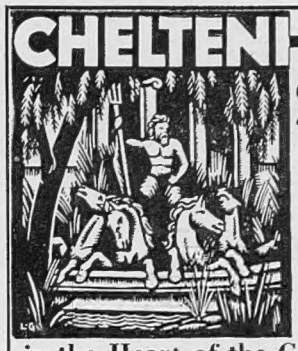

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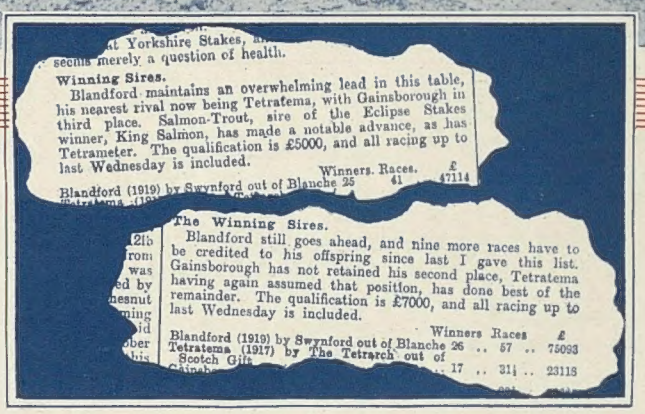

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